(WESTERN EDITION)

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July 1918 THE Twenty Cents

RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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fans!

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"Carry On"

By Reginald T. Townsend

THERE is a short phrase of but two words in use at the front to-day that contains perhaps more of the noble, more of the sublime, than any other phrase of all time. It is but a simple phrase—Carry On—but it contains more real patriotism, more idea of self-sacrifice, and more idealism, than the entire English language put together.

In the cold gray dawn on the battlefield, through the rising mists, the captain gathers his men about him and leads the charge across the grim desolation of No Man's Land. But when, half way across that expanse, a bullet lays him low does he stop then to call for the stretcher-bearers! No, he turns to his first lieutenant, "Mr. Smith, Sir," he says, "Carry on!" And when a few yards farther on Fate overtakes Mr. Smith, young Brown—a mere stripling but eighteen years of age—without a moment's hesitation steps forward and carries on, only to fall at the edge of the trench. Does this stripling—the bloom of youth still fresh on his cheeks and the aura of Princeton or Harvard yet around him—when he reels from the blow of the shell and realizes that his race is almost run, stop to cry out for aid? No, he is made of sterner stuff. With a final effort he cries out, "Sergeant, take command; I'm done for. Carry on!" And so the grizzled Sergeant, veteran of many years of war carries on to final victory.

And as it is with men so is it with nations. When the Black Eagles stormed against Belgium's gates, she withstood them as long as she could and then, with her dying gasp, turned to England and France, crying out "Carry on!" And when the great gray hordes of the Huns swept relentlessly over Serbia and Montenegro, the little kingdoms, dying, cried to their big Allied brothers, "Carry on!" To-day, worn and weary after three long years of fighting, England and France turn to us for encouragement, crying "Carry on!"

Americans—the burden is ours. This is our destiny. Shall we not then—no matter what evil befall us, no matter whether our fondest ideals and ambitions be swept away in a twinkling, no matter even if our very cities crumble into ruins around us and our best beloved manhood die at our feet—shall we not then let loose the full flood of our righteous wrath and ever press forward into the thickest of the fray, crying out,

"CARRY ON! AMERICA! CARRY ON!"

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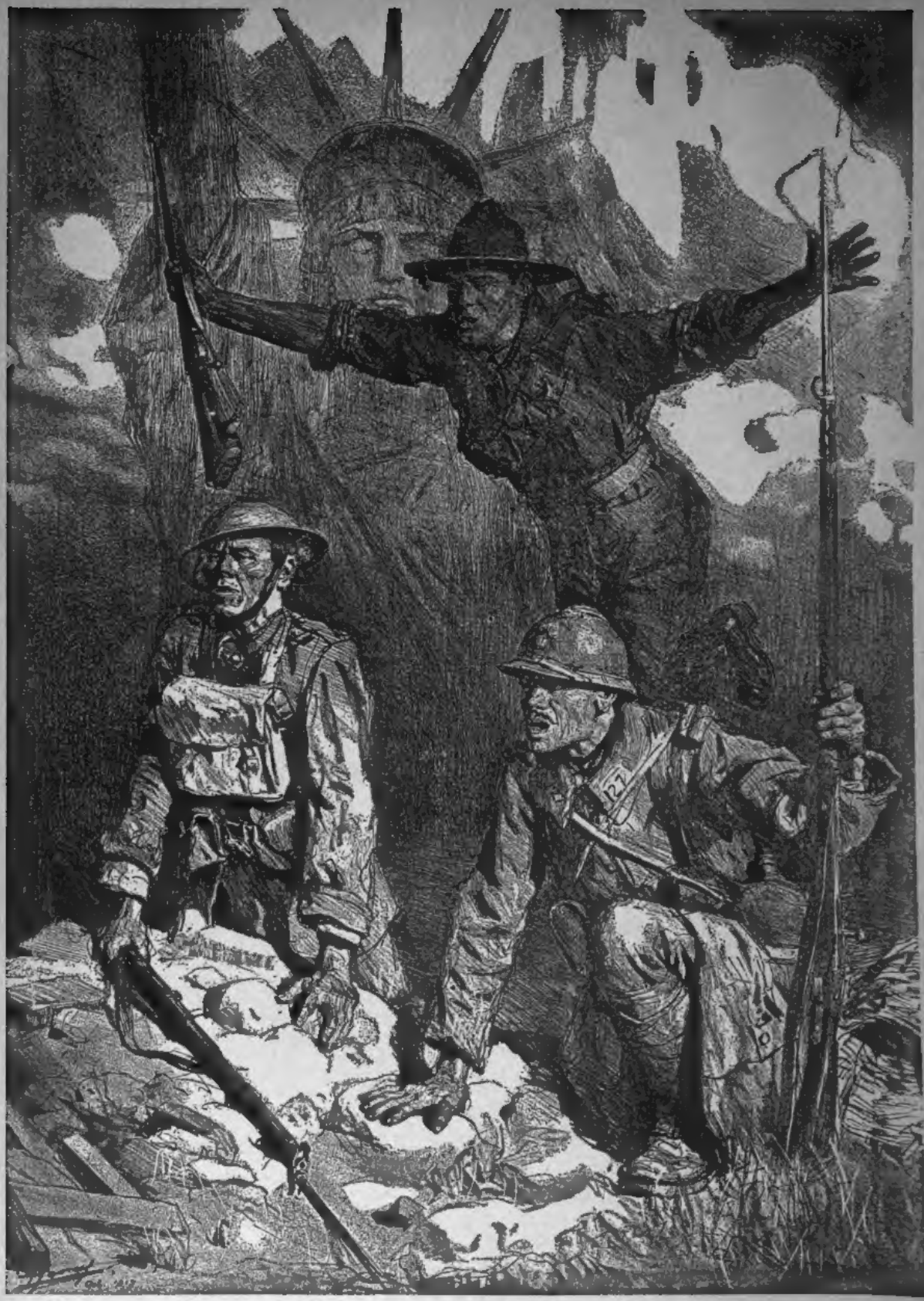

"Hardi les gars—j'arrive!" *"Stick to it, boys—Here I come!"*

From a drawing by a Frenchman, Lucien Jonas
Published by Ed. LePrince, Paris

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Western Edition

THE JULY
RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Volume 13 1918 Number 7

The Avenging of Edith Cavell

By T. Topping

Former Private Secretary to the Honorable Brand Whitlock, American Minister to Belgium

Here is a wonder story of war, told for the first time. Edith Cavell, the English nurse in Brussels, was murdered by the Germans for helping French and Belgian soldiers cross the border. Did you know she was betrayed by a renegade Belgian? After the tragedy of her brutal conviction and her heroic death, there followed another remarkable drama. The narrative of these thrilling events is here told by the secretary of Brand Whitlock, our Minister to Belgium. It is a story of retribution, carried out with extraordinary persistence and courage.

THE arrest of Miss Cavell on the fifth of August, 1915, created little stir in Brussels. Except in the immediate entourage of her nursing home and in American Legation circles it passed practically unperceived. The Germans, in their usual clandestine way, had arrested her "without leaving any trace." Like many other unhappy souls who fell into their clutches, she just disappeared from the dismal routine of Belgian existence during the occupation. The flinging of the tender and unobtrusive little woman into the miasmal pool of German treachery known as the *Kommandantur* caused hardly a ripple on the surface of Brussels life.

But one morning Brussels, which had seen at close range the abomination of Louvain, Tamines, and Aerschot, which had witnessed desecrations that the German mind alone can conceive and the German will can execute, Brussels, blasé with atrocities and cruelties; Brussels awoke to find itself face to face with a new horror.

It was October 12, 1915. About 3.30 that morning, gentle, little Miss Cavell had been led out into the yard of St. Gilles prison and wantonly shot down. And blood-red *affiches*, posted all over the walls of the city, shrieked the news of the abhorrent deed to a dismayed population.

A wave of indignation and a shudder of horror passed over Brussels; then gradually

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About 3:30 that morning gentle little Miss Cavell had been led out into the yard of St. Gilles prison and wantonly shot down

other engrossing events absorbed the conversation, Brussels resumed its normal, or rather its abnormal appearance and brave, kind little Miss Cavell, sleeping in that bleak prison yard at St. Gilles, became a memory, a thing of the past.

But as time went on, in the cafés and brasseries where the great majority of the population was wont to congregate, amid the maledictions that the Belgians showered on their oppressors, when the murder of the stout-hearted frail English nurse was mentioned one heard sinister rumors of treachery and betrayal. It soon became an open secret that Miss Cavell had been apprehended and convicted through the denunciation of one whom she had befriended. His name was freely mentioned among the coterie of well informed Belgians who assembled at various meeting places in the commune of Ixelles.

It was my custom to frequent the Porte de Namur and, while officially neutral, my sentiments were sufficiently well known to the natives to have me admitted into the most intimate confabs of men who had sworn never to bend under the German yoke. Thus, soon after the execution of Miss Cavell, I was aware of the name of the man who had delivered her into the hands of the bloodthirsty Huns.

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He was called van der —— No, I shall not mention his name. First, because he belonged to a race that electrified the world by its courage and abnegation during that dark month of August, 1914. His father is, or perhaps by this time was, a respectable citizen of Brussels, an ex-officer in the army, who promptly disowned his son when the crime had been proved.

He was a young man of military age and bad habits and the emoluments received for his work in one of the departments of public service of the city were inadequate to gratify his expensive tastes and satiate his craving for pleasure. And so, when a tentacle of that octopus known as the German espionage system reached out and encircled him, it found an unresisting victim.

The Germans had become aware of a leak across the frontier through which filtered numerous young men capable of bearing arms against them and anxious to do so. Van der ——affecting profound patriotism and professing deep hatred for the violators of his country, went to Miss Cavell and requested to be helped into Holland. He was introduced to Baucq (the man who was shot at the same time as Miss Cavell) and all arrangements were made for his passage into the Netherlands. On the eve of his departure, when he had penetrated the secrets of the organization, van der —— repaired to the *Kommandantur*, and the next day Miss Cavell, Baucq, and Severin were arrested. Incidentally, that same day van der —— was buying wine for two women in a café near the Place de Brouckere.

LOUIS BRIL, THE AVENGER

But while the wave of horror and loathing that swept the civilized world at the news of the murder of Miss Cavell spent itself in screeching headlines and helplessly bitter comment, in the heart of Louis Bril it assumed a more concrete form.

Louis was a mild, inoffensive looking little chap, a beardless youth of twenty-five or less, with pale blue eyes and a shock of yellow hair. But the thin lips that formed a small strong mouth were hard and determined. He walked with a slight stoop of the shoulders, the result of long hours spent over the chess board, a game at which he was an expert. Before the war he had been living in Paris, but the outbreak of hostilities had caught him at Brussels where he was visiting his aged parents and other relatives. He offered his services as a volunteer, but they were not available and he remained behind and, with ill suppressed feelings of rage, saw the Germans enter the capital. Later on he managed to slip across into France whence he returned on some mission, the exact character of which I have never been able to ascertain, but which I am sure did not purport to further the designs of the German army.

BRIL'S ENDLESS VIGIL

I have some of the details that follow from an intimate friend of his, a young schoolmaster of Brussels whom I knew well, while the others came under my personal observation.

An *arrete* of Governor-General von Bissing, re-edited and republished from time to time, decreed that any man found in the possession of fire arms would be punished with death.

However, one night while engaged in a game of chess with his friend the schoolmaster, in the little room that he occupied on the top floor of an old building in Ixelles, where he kept out of sight of the Germans, Bril suddenly whipped out two automatic revolvers from his pockets—"Browneengs," he called them—and said to his startled opponent:

"One of the pills (*pruneaux*) in this Browneeng is for the man who betrayed Miss Cavell and I shall never rest until I get him."

Days, weeks passed, and the betrayer of the heroic English nurse continued to walk the streets of Brussels with apparent impunity.

But the long patient shadow of van der —— went on. It could be done only at night as Bril did not dare to leave his room during the day. And van der ——, whether through premonition of impending evil or from temperament kept to the bright streets and the illuminated cafés.

And the endless vigil of Bril continued. Promptly at the stroke of six, as van der —— would emerge from the office on the *Rue de Trone* where he performed his respectable duties, Bril, crouching in the shadow on the other side of the street, would fall into step and would not allow his quarry to get out of his sight, as the latter went about his disreputable work.

Generally the trail led to the *Kommandantur* through the *Rue de Trone*, the brightly illuminated Boulevard to the still brighter *Rue de la Loi*. Bril would take up his post on the corner across from the *Kommandantur* and when

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van der —— had completed his report to his employers, the self-appointed avenger could see him come out, generally accompanied by plain-clothes men of the German secret service. Thence he followed to some restaurant where the party settled down to dinner and Bril knew that his work was done for the night as there was little chance of the bodyguards leaving their protégé.

Other evenings the traitor went downtown at once, car No. 15 or No. 14 being boarded at the Boulevard after a walk of a few hundred yards from his office. But van der —— never wandered from the crowded thoroughfares and never left the gleam of the electric lights. Bril, like Nemesis on his trail, followed.

About eleven one evening two *politzeis*, patrolling their beat, came lumbering up a lonely street leading to the *Chausse de Haecht* in Schaerbeck, a suburb of Brussels. It was a cold, rainy, dark night and the *politzeis* did not notice an obstruction on the sidewalk until one of them stumbled upon it. With an impatient oath he bent and picked up the body of a man. It was still warm and blood was trickling from a wound above the left temple, while the clothing on the left side of the body was saturated with blood that had not yet had time to coagulate. One bullet had gone through the heart and another had traversed

"With an impatient oath he bent and picked up the body of a man"

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the brain. It was the body of van der ——. When searched at the police station, beside a goodly sum of money in German bills of large denomination, there was found, among other papers a little perfumed note written in a feminine hand and which read:

"Je t'attends ce soir chez P. pres du Parc Josaphat." ["I will meet you this evening at P. near Park Josaphat."]

There is no doubt that more than one hundred persons in Brussels, among them at least ten members of the Belgian police force, knew who had committed this murder or rather who had executed this sentence. But weeks went on and no arrest was made. And so no surprise was felt when one day a notice was posted that "owing to the apathy displayed by the Belgian police" the case had been taken out of their hands and would be handled by the German military police.

ONE THOUSAND MARKS REWARD

The *affiche* ended with the only two arguments the Germans know: bribery and terrorism. A reward of one thousand marks was offered to any one denouncing the murderer and a threat of death was held over the head of whosoever should harbor him.

Hunted like a wild beast, Bril for more than a month managed to elude the vigilance of his pursuers by remaining indoors during the day and coming out for a few minutes at night.

One afternoon the Germans, acting apparently under precise instructions and with full knowledge as to his whereabouts, entirely surrounded the block in which the room occupied by Bril was to be found. One shudders to think that perhaps the reward of one thousand marks may not have been totally foreign to the source of their information.

Bril, warned in time, clambered to the roof with two plain-clothes men in hot pursuit and blazing away at him. After a run of a few hundred feet over roofs, he reached the edge of one overlooking a lane about twelve feet wide and without hesitating the fugitive leaped across it, landed safely on another house a story lower and eluded his pursuers who looked about, hesitated, consulted one another, and could not muster up sufficient courage to take the plunge. Bril made his way to the street and was gone.

He took refuge at Vilvorde (a town about ten kilometers from Brussels) and had nearly completed arrangements for a dash across the death-dealing wires into Holland, was to have left on the following day in fact, when he returned to Brussels to thank the man who had made it possible for him to escape, fell into a trap and was arrested. He disappeared behind the sombre walls of the *Kommandantur, au grand secret.* And for two months nothing was heard of Louis Bril.

LOUIS BRIL SENTENCED TO DEATH

One morning a heavy, plodding German soldier bearing a flimsy scrap of paper entered the little café owned and operated by Etienne D., at the corner of the *Rue de Trone* and the *Place de Londres.* Mrs. D. was Bril's sister. The soldier handed D. the paper. It was a brief statement to the effect that Louis Bril had been sentenced to death (*peine de mort*) and would be shot the next morning.

While no one, even his lawyer, is permitted to visit one accused before a German Military Tribunal during the investigation and trial (?), by a surprising generosity in the Teutonic character his relatives are allowed to call on him at the prison after sentence has been pronounced. Inasmuch as the judgment and execution are seldom more than twenty-four hours apart, it means that a last visit may be had with a loved one who is already in the shadow of death.

I was returning from the Theatre Molière that evening and quite by chance entered Etienne's café.

Etienne's wife was seated on a little stool behind the bar, weeping convulsively, and her husband's face was pale and set and every now and then tears would well up into his eyes, but he would brush them off, shake his head and continue to talk to the little group of the faithful who were gathered about his bar condoling with him. Two little cherubs, one aged five and the other three, scenting that something was wrong, had refused to be put to bed and, leaning over their mother's knees, looked up into her red, swollen eyes, blissfully oblivious of what it was all about, but with a puzzled expression on their little faces.

The atmosphere was permeated with gloom and charged with despair and impotent rage.

Etienne and his wife, in the company of Bril's father, had just returned from their last visit to poor Louis at the prison of St. Gilles. He had been very brave, had tried to console them and to cheer them up. He was content

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"Bril, warned in time, clambered to the roof with two—

to die, felt that he was giving up his life for a good cause—the suppression of van der —— having been but an incident in the task that he had set himself to perform with the limited means at his command. He expressed a regret, not for life itself, but because he had to go while the Boches were still in Brussels and he would be unable to render further services to his country. While his sister was weeping in her father's arms, he had called Etienne aside and had begged him to go out and procure some poison for him, as he would like to cheat the Germans of the satisfaction of standing him against the wall. Of course poor Etienne could do nothing of the sort. The hour allotted for the visit being at an end, a young sentry told them not unkindly and with a voice quivering with emotion that they must leave. For a moment Louis was on the verge of breaking down, but he promptly rallied and when his parents left he was very cool and collected and brave.

In the early hours of the damp, drizzling morning, two figures muffled in great coats and furs might have been seen huddling close to the fence near the main entrance to the *Tir National*. It was Etienne and his wife.

Just as dawn was breaking in the weeping sky, the savage howl of a siren horn was heard in the distance and presently three huge military automobiles drew up to the gate.

A few sharp, gutteral commands; a squad of soldiers stepped out, some officers, then a priest and a pale little man walking with a firm step and head erect between two giant guards closed the ghostly procession. They disappeared promptly inside the grounds. One of the officers could be heard roaring a

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—plain-clothes men in pursuit and blazing away at him"

few final orders and then silence. A pause, tense, interminable . . . A volley, the crash of twelve rifles, a final pistol shot, and what had been Louis Bril lay on the wet grass, close to that earth that was soon to swallow him forever.

Bril's father died of a broken heart a few weeks later, after having been refused permission to give the body of his child a Christian burial.

And a month after the execution, the family, having given up all hope of obtaining the body of young Bril, decided to have a solemn requiem mass sung in one of the churches, and drew up circulars to inform their friends and relatives. "*Lettres de faire part*," they are called, large folders with wide black mourning margins, giving a brief history of the short span of life of the departed one and ending with an invitation to attend the funeral service of one who had died for his country, ("*Mort pour la Patrie*").

The German censor, to whom all proofs of printed matter must be submitted before it is circulated, glanced over the paper just once and, with a grunt, ran a colossal, brutal, German blue pencil through the words "*Mort pour la Patrie.*"

But perhaps some day, when Belgium is restored to her valiant King, when the cruel vandals that now desecrate its noble soil have been flung across the Rhine, the body of brave little Louis Bril will be laid to rest in that beautiful cemetery at Ixelles where his father awaits the final call. And over his tomb a modest marble monument will bear the inscription:

"*MORT POUR LA PATRIE*"

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Worn soldier boys from the trenches! Homesick soldier boys after a hard day's work! The Red Cross gives them a bit of home in its canteen—hospitable rooms, friendly associates, music, refreshing entertainment for body and mind. These canteens are Red Cross hospitals for the Spirit, always open, always cheering.

A Clearing House of Kindness

By George Buchanan Fife

With the American Army, Central France

A GUEST book is a terror to some people. They are the poor, benighted creatures who are ridden by the idea that they must contribute a deathless epigram or else something screamingly funny to the column headed "Remarks."

But there is one American post commander here in France who is not of these. He is devoid of fear even in the presence of a guest book. One was set before him not long ago that he might be the first to inscribe himself therein. He was all alone upon a sea of paper. But he did not pause an instant. He wrote his name, ran his pen swiftly to the designated line and wrote "Some mudhole!"

And, far from taking it to heart, the hostess insists that everyone who writes in the book shall read that succinct comment. "Because," she adds, "that's the truest thing that any one could say about this place."

This "mudhole," now transformed, has become a veritable city of more than 5,000 khaki-clad inhabitants and the mud which threatened to engulf it is only a guest-book memory. But the work of months was required to drag it up out of the light brown dough in which it had been set. It was man's work, every hour of it, for the rain seemed endless and the landscape flowed with it. Snow shoes would have been a boon those days. It was into this disheartening place that the American Red Cross came with its determined workers, bent upon getting its buildings set up in stride with the camp work.

The fact of the matter was that the soldiers were not particularly familiar with Red Cross methods and, to quote some one who was there, "they didn't see just what women were doing in the camp anyway."

Early in the adventure—because however you look at it, it is an adventuring in kindliness, this canteen work—the women workers made it very clear that the American Red Cross was there on the ground to provide whatever comforts it could to the men of the camp. But, somehow or other, the men could not become accustomed to the presence of these workers in a place so completely given up to real man-size work. To be sure, there had been a slight attendance both by officers and men, but the establishment was far from being a camp institution.

And then one day the hour struck!

It was when the Red Cross station was about a month old. One of the officers, in the course of his luncheon, remarked in quite a casual way that he expected to be very busy all the afternoon as eighteen hundred more American soldiers were coming into camp and were due an hour or so after noon.

Did the indefatigable little Red Cross woman in charge ply him with questions? Not she. Did she say one word to him? Not she. But as soon as he had gone she rushed off to the kitchen with the news. She gathered every mother's daughter about her and said, in whatever way the feminine tongue frames these things, "It's up to us to get on the job and show these people—get me?"

The result, if not beggaring description, assuredly beggared the canteen larder, for that

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corps of women brought out every available pot of jam, every ham, every pound of coffee and chocolate that could be spared and got to work. Great marmites of soup were already boiling, the coffee was simmering beside the chocolate and hundreds of sandwiches were rising in appetizing piles. Within less than an hour and a half after the task was begun there was enough food in readiness in the canteen to feed a regiment. And only then did the little woman and her sisters permit themselves a breathing spell.

There was not long to wait. At 2 o'clock the first of the soldiers arrived. For thirty hours they had been on a train bringing them to a station eight miles from the camp. These eight miles they had tramped through the downpour and the distinguished mud of that region. Many of them had had little to eat throughout their journey. They were soaked, tired, and about as friendly as wild-cats.

As they came sloshing up the gummy roadway into camp, Little Miss Indefatigable, with a background of her sister workers, went to the porchlike doorstep of their canteen and hailed the weary column.

"Hey, boys—want some hot coffee? Come in as soon as you can and get a bowl of soup—This is the Red Cross!"

The men looked up, but not in a highly interested way, and there is good reason to believe that at first they either did not understand or else thought the young women mad. Why, there wasn't any soup or hot coffee anywhere in all this dripping world, was there? Something to eat—on a muddy roadside in France? Quit your kidding!

Then Miss Indefatigable had an inspiration. "Come on in, we've got some real American ham sandwiches!"

"American" in conjunction with "ham" made an instant and irresistible appeal. Half a dozen of the soldiers, whose tired eyes had been bent upon the monotonous, mushy road, turned their gaze quickly toward the canteen.

"Real what?" one of them called.

"Real ham—come and see—whole basketfuls of sandwiches!"

MISS INDEFATIGABLE
"Come on in, we've got some real American ham sandwiches"

"It isn't a josh, is it," asked one of the weary figures, shouldering his way into the group at the doorsill.

"Does this look like it?" Miss Indefatigable replied, turning suddenly to one of the young women behind her and then holding out a tin cup of smoking coffee and a sandwich.

"O, MAN!"

That was precisely all that the trooper uttered, but if it was not an entire hymn of thanksgiving what in the world was it?"

"And now won't you come in—all of you?" the head cantinière pleaded. "There's enough for every one of you!"

"For the love o' Mike, will you look at this!" It was the "O, Man" trooper again, his eyes wide with astonishment. For here was a great room, warm and dry, filled with tables and chairs—chairs to SIT ON!—and, permeating everything, the welcoming odor of boiling coffee. At the far end, making a sort of background, was a counter also piled high with sandwiches of ham and preserves and, flanking it, the glistening array of a savory kitchen in full blast.

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One of the soldiers, for all his fatigue and surprise, broke away from the little squad that crowded into the canteen and going to the edge of the roadway, called to his passing fellows:

"Say, this is no pipe—there is real coffee in there, and sandwiches. You'd better beat it in before it's all gone!"

But there wasn't a chance of that; Miss Indefatigable had seen too far ahead for failure when the hour should strike. And that detachment of 1,800 American soldiers kept coming into camp until nearly 9 o'clock that night. Every last one of the men had all he wanted of soup, sandwiches, coffee, and chocolate, and it is well worth noting that not an officer of any of the companies took time to get his own food until all of his men had been served.

Canteen regulations require that each man pay a small sum for his food and drink, but in this emergency payment was waived; the men had already paid in their long railway journey and their eight-mile hike in the chilling rain.

So this was the way in which the Red Cross "made good" in that camp, at a time when everyone was wondering what there was for women to do in such a place. It accounts, too, for a subsequent comment from the commanding officer.

"Why, do you know, the Red Cross has practically saved our lives out here!" he exclaimed, "And it can have anything it wants which I have the power to give it in this camp. It is an absolute godsend to the men and to the officers, too. We think we have the best mess in all France right over there in that Red Cross building. As for the men, they spend most of their time off duty in the canteen and that, I am sure, accounts in no small degree for their contentment and good behavior. You know it means a whole lot to a fellow, who's a long way from his home folks, just to get a smile and a cheerful word from the young women in the Red Cross establishment. Of course the soup and coffee and sandwiches are not to be overlooked, but the smile—well, that goes into the heart."

Now it may be truthfully said that this camp considers the Red Cross canteen just about the finest thing it has struck in all France. In token, hearken to a private with a cup of hot chocolate in one hand and a

THE QUICK LUNCH COUNTER

The Sammies lined up to get a real American lunch—ham sandwiches and a cup of coffee We wonder what the French for ham sandwich is!

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THE REVIEW OF THE CANTEEN WORKERS
Secretary of War Baker and General Pershing review the women workers in front of their buildings—a canteen connected with an aviation camp somewhere in France

cheese sandwich in the other, one elbow, to steady the cup, on the canteen counter:

"When I came over here I was ready to be surprised every other minute, but I never thought I'd step out of the mud into anything like this. Say, it's just like a club. Have you tried the chow? You can't beat this chocolate and these sandwiches anywhere. And we've got a phonograph and magazines and everything. This is certainly some place."

While the soldier was talking, another swung up to the counter with a request for coffee and a jam sandwich. He listened a moment or two to the conversation and, remarking the deliberation with which the other was drinking his chocolate, screened his mouth with his hand and asked in a whisper which could have been heard outdoors, "Trying to get married to that cup, are you? I'm wise to you, all right." There he turned to the young woman behind the counter. "You want to watch this guy," with a suggestive hand toward the tin chocolate cup.

This was too cryptic not to arouse curiosity and the mystery was explained. As usual, Miss Indefatigable had a hand in it. In the preparation of coffee and chocolate in the canteen hundreds of cans of condensed milk were used and for a long time the empty tins were thrown away. One day it occurred to Miss Indefatigable that this was needless waste, so she had them saved, got a soldering outfit and, with the services of a soldier who knew something about tinsmithing, had them transformed into cups, using the tops as material for handles. In this form fifteen hundred condensed milk cans came into service in the canteen. But this was not all.

The soldiers immediately foresaw another use for them, so one by one they began to disappear. This was not so bad, but eventually they went by dozens just as if they were luncheon favors. Now Miss Indefatigable thought it high time to find out why the cups were being spirited away. A general inspection of quarters was ordered by the C.O., and eight hundred of the missing cups came to light in the soldiers' kits. One inquiry and the mystery was solved—they were being used as shaving mugs! And when Miss Indefatigable

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learned it she not only refused to take them back but offered to provide as many more as were needed in so good a cause.

The Red Cross establishment in this camp is so close to the main entrance that it is almost the first cluster of buildings to catch the eye. It is arranged in the form of a letter H, the building corresponding to the right vertical stroke being ninety feet long by twenty wide, the lower half given up to the enlisted men, the upper to the flying cadets, for this is an aviation camp. The left vertical stroke of the H is occupied by the officers' mess and their club-room, and a smaller, detached building known as the serving room. In this a staff of four women is busy all day long repairing and pressing the clothing of the officers and men, mending holes and sewing on wayward buttons at a few sous apiece. The cross bar of the H is the kitchen, with its great range, its bubbling cauldrons and huge receptacles for hot drinks, and a storeroom wherein barrels of rice and sugar and potatoes are flanked by cheeses as high as millstones, where the shelves are loaded with batteries of good American tinned meat and fish and scores of hams hang overhead like chimes in a belfry.

From its beginning in one part of this structure the Red Cross canteen has grown to a daily service of 2,500 sandwiches and from 600 to 800 quarts of coffee or chocolate, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays being "chocolate days" and, therefore, the most popular. The prices charged the men are as low as they can be made, soup costing in French money the equivalent of about five cents a plate, sandwiches—of ham, sardines, jam, cheese or egg—the same each, and coffee, tea or chocolate, four cents a half-pint. "We lose on the ham, sardine, and egg sandwiches," it was explained, "but we catch up on the cheese." So far as payment for the food is concerned, the men have repeatedly said that they preferred to pay, and it is a noteworthy fact that not once has any one of them said, "I'm sorry, but I can't pay just now, but I'll give it to you to-morrow," without returning and making good. "Why, we'd run a man out of camp if he tried to beat the canteen," one of the men said.

The canteen is opened at 6.30 o'clock every morning and does not close until 9.30 o'clock at night, unless detachments are due to leave or arrive, when it remains at work for any need that may arise. Only for an hour a day is service suspended, between noon and 1 o'clock, in order that the place may be scrubbed from top to bottom. Until the camp mud was conquered this was a task to try the cleaners' souls.

The personnel of the establishment consists of Miss Indefatigable and twenty assistants. These young women have far less time for recreation than the soldiers they serve, and, in spring and summer, a party of them is detailed to go out upon the aviation field at 4 o'clock every morning with hot chocolate and coffee for the flying corps, for that is the hour at which the flights begin. And to make the service a complete success, these young women of the canteen padded a large barrel with raw cotton and burlap to keep their chocolate and coffee canisters hot while the "tin Lizzie" was transporting the beverages to the flying field. "And not a man drove one nail in that barrel-cosey—I suppose that's what you'd call it—nor even had a hand in designing it," the keeper of the storeroom declared with rising pride.

The officers of the camp have breakfast, luncheon, and dinner in the canteen; the enlisted men mess in their regular mess halls, using the canteen as a place for diversion, 2,500 of them at least dropping in every day either for a bite to eat, or to read, or to play over the phonograph records. There is always an abundance of food for them and the young women workers have acquired a priceless speed in serving them. For instance, thirty-five minutes sufficed to provide 297 men with three sandwiches and a cup of coffee or chocolate apiece when a detachment arrived one cold December afternoon. At another time 350 were fed in an hour. So much of a camp institution has this Red Cross canteen become that now whenever a body of troops arrives it has, first, its medical examination and is immediately afterward sent off to the canteen as a way of introducing it to camp life.

But the canteen is not the end of the Red Cross work in the camp. Across the main road leading into the reservation there is a large building with a well-worn entrance walk and doorsill. It is the Red Cross shower-bath building, with a capacity of providing hot showers for 1,000 men a day.

"We have a full bath house and an empty guard house," a sergeant said, "and we've got the Red Cross to thank for it. There used to be a time when men asked permission to go

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THIS IS IN FRANCE—NOT MONTANA

A corner of the canteen store-room. It gives an idea of the good American home supplies our boys get

THE CANTEEN KITCHEN AT 10.20 A. M.

A close-up photograph of the kitchen—the real work-shop—where 2,500 sandwiches and 800 quarts of coffee can be prepared a day

Go gle

to the town eight miles away to get a bath in hot water. That was all right, but it didn't end there. They'd feel sort of cocked up over being clean and begin hunting round for a drink or two. And then, good NIGHT! They used to get back here in just the best guard-house shape you ever saw. It wasn't that they wanted to tank up, they just couldn't help it. But it's all different now, perhaps because they're becoming accustomed to hot baths. Anyhow, the bath-house is full and the guard-house hasn't anything in it but air."

At one side of the H of canteen buildings is a smaller structure where the life of the garrison throbs through the medium of a printing press and a weekly newspaper. The press was a gift from the Red Cross, the newspaper is a blessing provided by the genius of the camp. It is a two-sheet, four-page production, two of the pages constituting a "Feature Section" with all the airs of a metropolitan supplement, pictures, gags and all. And it is no country newspaper with "patent inside." Every line is written and every picture drawn there in the camp and it even reproduces photographs with decorative borders. *Plane News* is truly an ambitious publication, with a "guaranteed circulation" of 3,000 copies.

The Red Cross recognizing the efficacy of music—for where three or four are gathered together they will make "barbershops" if they have no other means of producing melodious sounds—presented the camp with instruments for a band of eighteen pieces and an orchestra of twenty, leaving it to the garrison to do its worst if the musicians failed to do their best. The latest accounts are that both organizations are not only still alive but in danger of being spoiled by popularity. The band started with such instruments as the soldiers themselves had brought, but the camp evidently did not take kindly to them, if one may judge by the following announcement in a recent copy of *Plane News*:

> The band is now "ready." New instruments to replace the leaky ones have arrived and are in service, and the first cornet can get those high ones now. Try them out at the Red Cross informal dance Saturday evening at 7.00.

There is no doubt that the men "tried them out" that night. Also they tried out—it should be spelled "tired out"—the twenty-one Red Cross workers. The dance was in the canteen and lasted from 7 o'clock until nine. A conservative estimate places the number of "those present" at 500 because each one of the young women danced with not less than twenty-five soldiers. There were ten dances on the programme, and not one of the women had a ghost of a chance to sit down from the moment of the first toot from the orchestra until the men fled back to barracks to be in bed by "taps." So many men at a time crowded into the canteen that there was scarcely any dancing space at all. It was like spinning round and round on a pocket handkerchief, Miss Indefatigable called it. The air was blue with smoke because the Red Cross provided free cigarettes for the dancers and gave them also candy, apples, and hot chocolate. And for days after that, whenever the crowd gathered in the canteen in the afternoon, the same question was asked over and over again: "When are you going to have another dance? We'd like to make it every two weeks —if you can stand it!"

But the band and the orchestra do not have to await the dances to fill the camp atmosphere with their harmonies. There are concerts by both organizations three times a week and rehearsals every morning. If you're going to be a soldier—you'll be lucky if you have a musical background. You get some very interesting and absorbing days and you avoid some rather painful monotony. So far the music critic of the *Plane News* is a friend of the musicians and has had only the kindest things to say about them.

The Red Cross wouldn't be the Red Cross—if it did not see to it that the soldiers have a movie-picture show often. There are better ones in America, to be sure, but the shows over here are excellent. The Red Cross provides the officers with a moving picture exhibition in their club-room at least three or four nights a week and offers a programme of three reels with great variety of scenes.

And now, with one last word for the enlisted men, the Red Cross distributes cigarettes and smoking and chewing tobacco to the 5,000 men of the encampment regularly every month.

"Some mudhole" has become "some place!"

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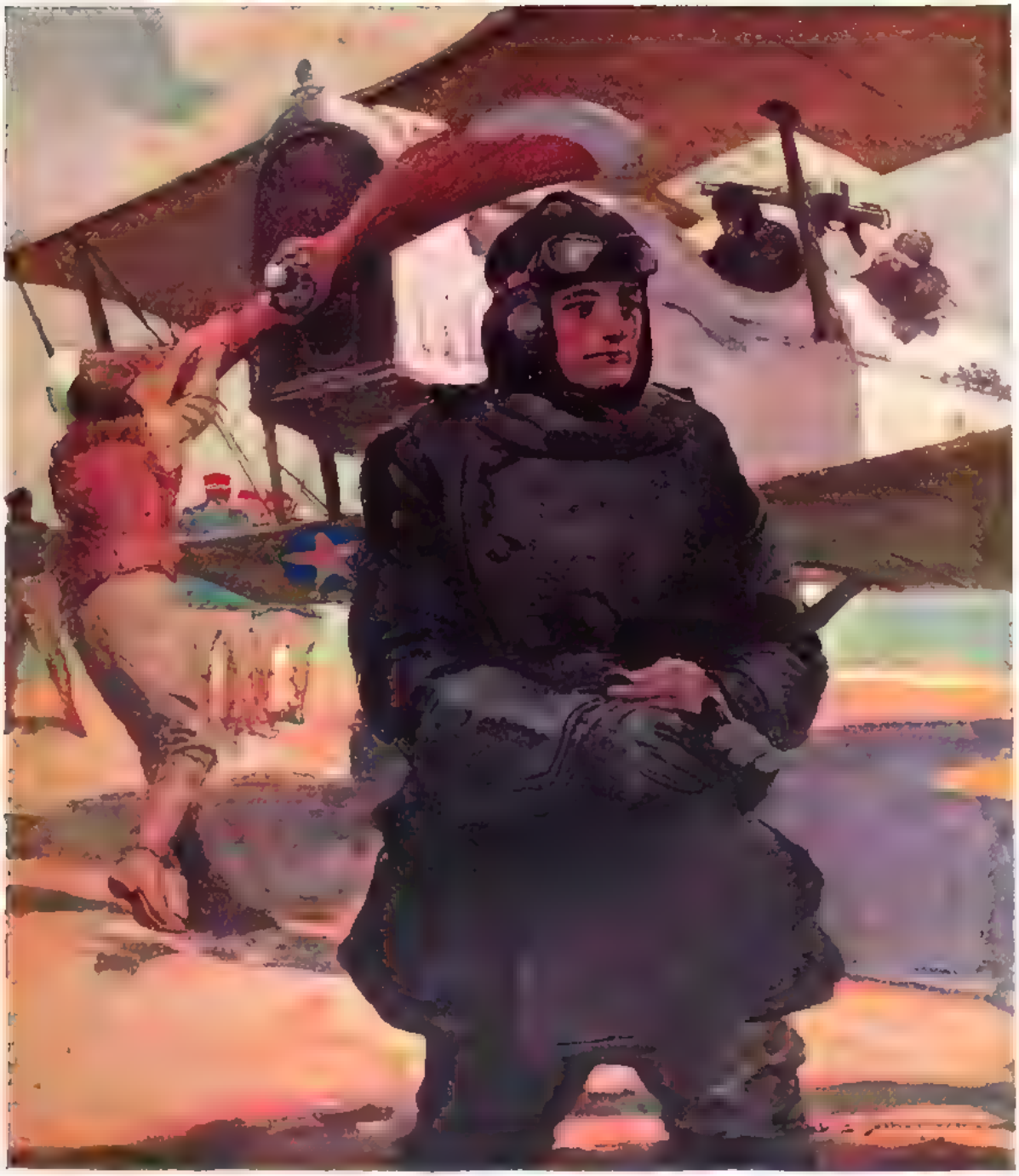
Our War Eagles

Four Paintings by Frank E. Schoonover



"CONTACT"

Here's a two-man American plane in France — just about to start. The mechanician reverses the propeller until the engine takes hold. It requires five or more "ground men" to care for one plane

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"BOMBING"

The aviator takes a map of the country which looks like the earth in this picture, and on which the spot to be bombed is marked. He can hit within a hundred yards of the object

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"A HIT"

The American plane on the left has made a hit. His shots have perforated the enemy's gasoline tank and set his plane afire. One wing has broken away and the German aviator is about to jump

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"TAKING OFF"

An aviator usually runs from seventy-five to a hundred feet on the ground before rising. This man is near the end of his run and has gained great speed; the whir of the propeller and the dust behind showing that he is about to lift

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Jim McConnell of Escadrille No. 124

IN the first years of the war—when all of us were seething under the calculated cruelties and the cold-blooded barbarities of the German invaders—before we, as a nation, were ready to act—a brave and intrepid group of American boys, roused by the spirit of chivalry and burning to help France, enlisted in the French aviation service. They fought to repay our debt to Lafayette, they said. And because of this, their section was given the name of Lafayette. All true Americans glowed with homage for the daring deeds of Kiffin Rockwell, Victor Chapman, Norman Prince, and Jim McConnell; of Thaw, and Lufbery and Hall and Masson and Cowden. Four of them died in service.

These letters describe the death of Jim McConnell and show the affection, loyalty, and undying gallantry of that group.

March 19, 1917.

DEAR PAUL:

We are passing through some very interesting times. The Boches are in full retreat, offering very little resistance to the English and French advance. The Boches have systematically destroyed all the towns and villages abandoned. Where they haven't burned a house, they have made holes through the roofs with pickaxes. All the cross-roads are blown up at the junctions, and if the trees bordering the roads haven't been cut down, to barricade the roads, they have been cut half way through, so that when the wind blows they keep falling on the passing convoys. In one town the Boches raped all the women before leaving, then locked them down cellar, and carried off all the young girls with them.

When we enter these villages the inhabitants left there are wild with delight.

We have been flying low, and watching the cavalry overrunning the country. The Boches are retreating to very strongly fortified positions, where the advance is going to come up against a stone wall.

This morning Genet and McConnell flew well ahead of the advancing army, Mac leading. Genet saw two Boche planes manœuvring to get above them, so be began to climb too. Finally they got together; the Boche was flying a biplane and had the edge on Genet. Almost the first shot got him in the cheek. Fortunately it was only a deep flesh wound, and another shot almost broke in two the stanchion (which supports the wings). Genet stuck to the Boche and opened fire on him. He knows he hit the machine and at one time he thought he saw the machine on fire, but nothing happened. Finally the Boche got Genet in a bad position, so he (Genet) piqued down about a 1,000 metres and got away. Genet looked around for Mac, but not finding him, came home. Mac hasn't yet shown up and we are frightfully worried. Genet has a dim recollection that when he attacked the Boche, the other one piqued down in Mac's direction, and it looks as though the Boche got Mac unawares.

Late this afternoon we had a report that this morning, a Nieuport was seen to land near Tergnier, a town still in the hands of the German. This must have been Mac's plane. If so he is only wounded, or perhaps only his machine badly damaged. There is a general feeling among us that he is all right. The French cavalry are within ten or fifteen kilometers of Tergnier now and perhaps they will take the place to-morrow, in which case we will certainly get some news of Mac.

This afternoon Lieutenant de Laage and Lufbery landed at Ham, where the advance infantry were, and made a lot of inquiries. It was near this place where the fight started. Nobody had seen any machine come down.

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You may be sure I will keep you informed of everything that turns up. Genet is going to write you in a day or so.

Sincerely
WALTER LOVELL.

Escadrille No. 124,
Secteur Postal 182,
March 21, 1917.

MY DEAR PAUL:

Had I been feeling less distressed and miserable on Monday evening or yesterday, I would have written you then, but I told Lovell when he wrote to tell you that I would write in a day or so. I am not feeling much better mentally. I am the only one who was out with poor Mac and naturally it just adds that much more to my distress.

On Monday morning, Mac, Parsons, and myself went out at nine o'clock on the third patrol of the Escadrille. We had orders to protect observation machines along the new lines around the region of Ham. Mac was leader, I came second and Parsons followed me. Before we had gone very far Parsons was forced to go back on account of motor trouble.

Mac and I kept on, and up to ten o'clock were circling around the region of Ham, watching out for the heavier machines doing reconnoitring work below us. We went higher than a thousand meters. About ten, for some reason or other of his own, Mac suddenly headed into the German lines toward Saint Quentin —perhaps for observation purposes—and I naturally followed close to his rear and above him. At any rate we had gotten north of Ham and quite inside the hostile lines, when I saw two Boche machines crossing toward us from the region of Saint Quentin at an altitude higher than ours—we were then about 1,600 meters up. I supposed Mac saw them too. One Boche was far ahead of the other, and was in position to dive at any moment on Mac. I saw the direction Mac was taking, and pulled back climbing up, in order to gain an advantageous height over the nearest Boche. It was cloudy and misty and I had to keep my eyes on him all the time, so naturally I lost track of Mac.

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Jim McConnell in fighting clothes—the picture McConnell liked best

The second Boche was still much farther away than his mate. By the time I had gotten to 2,200, he was almost up to me and taking a diagonal course right in front. He started to circle and his gunner—it was a biplane, probably an Albatross, although the mist was too thick and dark for me to see much but the bare outline of his dirty, dark green body, with white and black crosses—opened fire before I did and my plane was some damaged. One bullet cut the left central support of my upper wing in half; an explosive bullet cut in half the left guiding rod of the left aileron, and I was momentarily stunned by a nasty gouge in my left cheek. I had already opened fire and was driving straight for the Boche with teeth set and hand gripping the triggers, making a veritable stream of fire spitting out of my gun at him. I had incendiary bullets, my job lately being to chase after observation balloons, in fact on Saturday morning I had been up after the reported Zeppelins.

I had to keep turning toward the Boche

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Jim McConnell who with inspired vision and great gallantry rushed to help France in her desperate struggle

every second, as he was circling around toward me and I was on the inside of the circle, thus his gunner had the advantage. For one instant I thought his plane was on fire for I saw—or supposed I did—flames on his fuselage. Everything passed in a few seconds and we swung past each other in opposite directions scarcely twenty-five meters apart—the Boche beating off toward the north and I immediately diving down in the opposite direction, wondering every second whether the broken wing support would hold together and feeling weak and stunned from the hole in my face. A battery opened a heavy fire on me as I descended, the shells breaking behind me. I straightened out over Ham at a thousand meters, and began to circle around looking for Mac or the other Boche, but saw absolutely nothing during the entire fifteen minutes I stayed there. I was fearful all the time that my whole top wing would come off, and I thought that possibly Mac had gotten around toward the West over our lines, missed me, and was already on his way back to camp. So I finally turned back to our camp, flying very low against a strong northern wind, on account of low clouds just forming. I got back at a quarter to eleven and my first question was:

"Has MacConnell returned?"

He hadn't, Paul, and no news of any sort have we had of him yet, although we hoped

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and prayed every hour yesterday for some word. The one hope that we have is that some news of Mac will be brought by civilians who might have witnessed his flight over the lines north of Ham. We likewise hope that Mac was merely forced to land inside the enemy lines on account of a badly damaged machine, or a bad wound, and is well, but a prisoner. I wish, Paul, that I had been able to help Mac during his combat. The mists were thick, and consequently seeing any distance was difficult. I would have gone out that afternoon to look for him, but my machine was so damaged it took until yesterday afternoon to be repaired. Lieutenant de Laage and Lufbery did go out with their Spads, around the region north of Ham, toward Saint Quentin, but saw nothing of a Nieuport grounded or anything else to give news of what had occurred.

The French are not yet on the territory where in all probabilities Mac landed, so we'll have to wait for to-day's developments for news. I have a great deal of hope, Paul, that Mac is at least alive, although undoubtedly a prisoner. I know how badly the news has affected you. We're all feeling mighty blue over it and as for myself—I'm feeling utterly miserable over the whole affair. Just as soon as any news comes in, I'll surely let you know. Meanwhile, keep cheered and hopeful. There's no use in losing hope. If a prisoner, Mac may be able to escape and return to our lines.

Very faithfully yours
EDMOND C. C. GENET.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

Victor Chapman — another American who gave his life to repay the debt that we owe to Lafayette

March 22, 1917.

MY DEAR ROCKWELL:

Still no news about Jim. Last night the captain sent out a request to the military authorities to have our troops advancing in the direction of St. Quentin, report immediately any particulars about avion 2055. Even now I cannot reconcile myself concerning Jim's fate. I hope he has been made prisoner.

Sincerely,
E. A. MARSHALL.

Escadrille No. 124,
Secteur Postal, 182,
March 23, 1917.

DEAR PAUL:

In my letter I promised to send you word as soon as any definite news concerning poor Mac came in. To-day we received word from a group of French cavlary, that they witnessed our fight on Monday morning and saw Mac brought down inside the German lines around St. Quentin, after being attacked by two Boche machines. At the same time they saw me fighting a third one higher than Mac, and just as I peaked down, he fell, so there were three Boche machines instead of two, as I supposed. There is still the hope that Mac wasn't killed, only wounded and a prisoner, if so we'll learn of it later. The cavalryman didn't say whether he came down normally or fell. Possibly he was too far off to tell definitely about that. Certainly he had been brought down before I could get to his aid. Had I known there were three Boche machines I certainly would not have played around that Boche at such a distance from Mac.

E. GENET.

MY DEAR ROCKWELL:

"L'element targe signale qu'il a trouvé aux environs du Bois l'Abbé un Nieuport 2055. L'aviateur, un sergeant, doit être mort depuis trois jours d'après l'avis du docteur. Il semble avoir été fouillè; on n'a trouvé aucun papier sur

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Photograph by Paul Thompson

KIFFIN ROCKWELL

Photograph by Paul Thompson

NORMAN PRINCE

Both members of the Lafayette Escadrille who early realized this war was to save civilization and who fought with undaunted spirit beside their French brothers

lui. Bois l'Abbé se trouve à 2 kilometres sud de Jussy." ("The targe element informs us that it has found, in the environs of the Bois l'Abbé, a Nieuport No. 2055. The aviator, a sergeant, has been dead three days, in the opinion of the doctor. His pockets appear to have been searched, for no papers were found on him. The Bois l'Abbé is two kilometers south of Jussy.")

The above message was received by us at ten o'clock last night. Jussy is on the main road between St. Quentin and Chauny.

E. A. MARSHALL.

March 25, 1917.

DEAR PAUL:

The evening before last definite news was brought to us that a badly smashed Nieuport had been found by French troops. Beside it was the body of a sergeant-pilot which had been there at least three days and had been stripped of all identification papers, flying clothes and even the boots. They got the number of the machine, which proved without further question that it was poor Mac. They gave the location as being at the little village of Petit Detroit, which is just south of Flavy-le-Martel, the latter place being about ten kilometers east of Ham on the railroad running from Havre to La Fere.

After having made a flight over the lines yesterday morning I went down around Petit Detroit to locate the machine. There was no decent place there to land so I circled around over it for a few minutes to see in what condition it (the Nieuport) was. The machine was scarcely distinguishable so badly had it smashed into the ground, and there is scarcely any doubt, Paul, that Mac was killed while fighting in the air, as no pilot would have attempted to land a machine in the tiny rotten field—no more than a little orchard beside the road. It seems almost certain that he struck the ground with full motor on. Captain Thenault landed some distance from there in order that he might go over in a car and see just what could be done about poor Mac's body.

When he returned last night he told us that Mac was as badly mangled as the machine and had been relieved of his flying suit, his shoes, and all papers, by the Boches. And that the machine had struck the ground so hard it was half-buried, the motor being totally in the earth and

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the rest, including even the machine gun, completely smashed. It was just beside the main road, in a small field containing apple trees cut down by the retreating Boches, and just at the southern edge of the village.

Mac has been buried right there beside the road, and we will see that the grave is decently marked with a cross. The Captain brought back a square piece of canvas cut from one of the wings, and we are going to get a good picture we have of Mac enlarged and placed on this with a frame. I suppose that Thaw or Johnson will attend to his belongings which he had asked to be sent to you. In the letter which he had left in case of his death he concludes with the following words: "Good luck to the rest of you. *Vive la France!*"

All honor to him, Paul. The world, as well as France, will look up to him just as it is looking up to your fine brother and the rest who have given their lives so freely and gladly for this big cause.

EDMOND C. C. GENET.

The Captain has already put in a proposal for a citation for Mac, and also one for me. Mac surely deserved it, and lots more, too.

March 27, 1917.

DEAR PAUL:

I got your postcard to-day and would have written you sooner about poor Jim, but haven't felt up to it, this I know you understand.

It hit me pretty hard, Paul, for you know we were in school and college together, and for the last four or five years have been very intimate, living in N. C. and New York together.

It's fierce, Paul, that all the good boys are being picked off. The Huns have raised the deuce with the old crowd, but I think we have given them more than we have received. The boys who have gone made the name for the escadrille and now it's up to us who are left (especially the old Verdun crowd) to keep her going and make the Boches suffer.

Like old Kiffin, Mac died gloriously and in full action. It was in a fight with three Germans in their lines. Genet took one Hun (and was wounded). The last he saw was a Hun on Mac's back. Later we learned from the cavalry that there were two on Mac and after a desperate fight Mac crashed to the ground. This was the 19th of March. Three days later, we took the territory Mac fell in and they were unable to distinguish him. The swine Huns had taken every paper or piece of identification from him and also robbed him—even of his shoes. The Captain went over and was able to identify him by the number of his machine and uniform. He was terribly smashed and had lain out there three days, so that you couldn't recognize his face. He was buried where he fell in a coffin made from the door of a pillaged house. His last resting place (and where he fell) is Petit Detroit, which is a village southwest of St. Quentin and north of Chauney. He is buried just at the S. E. end of the village.

Jim left a letter of which I am copying the important parts:

"In case of my death or being made prisoner—which is worse—please send my canteen and what money I have on me, or coming to me" (he had none on him as the Huns lifted that) "to Mr. Paul A. Rockwell. Shoes, tools, wearing apparel, etc., you can give away. The rest of my things, such as diary, photos, souvenirs, croix de guerre, best uniform" (he had the best uniform on and I think the croix de guerre—however, you may find the latter in his things; his other uniform can't be found) "please put in canteen and ship along.

"Kindly cable my sister, Mrs. Followsbee, at her Chicago address.

"It would be kind to follow same by a letter telling about my death" (which I am doing).

"I have a box trunk in Paris containing belongings I would like to send home. Paul R. knows about it and can attend to the shipping. I would appreciate it if the committee of the American Escadrille would pay to Mr. Paul Rockwell the money needed to cover express.

"My burial is of no import. Make it as easy as possible for yourselves. I have no religion and do not care for any service. If the omission would embarrass you I presume I could stand the performance." (Note Jim's keen sense of humor even to death instructions).

"Good luck to the rest of you. *Vive la France.*

"Signed: J. R. MCCONNELL."

Jim had on the day of his death been proposed for the croix de guerre with palm. When it comes I shall send it to you.

Well, Paul, I have told you everything I can think of.

I think we are now seeing the beginning of the end. The devastation, destruction, and misery the Huns have left is a disgraceful crime to civilization and is pitiful. It drives me so furious I can't talk about it.

CHOUT.

(Charles Chouteau Johnson.)

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The Pirut Crue of the Red Dagger

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "That Pup," Water Goats and Other Troubles," etc.

Illustrated by CLYDE FORSYTHE

THE door of the Carter hayloft opened upon nothing but a fourteen foot drop into the yard below. It was hinged and swung outward, having been intended to admit hay. Now from a piece of scantling nailed to the door-frame as a flagpole, a floppy white banner hung listlessly in the still air, red paint showing here and there on its surface. The banner was part of a discarded bed sheet.

Having raised a boy to the age of ten years, Mrs. Carter had learned that whenever boys hung a banner on the outer walls it was well to go to the barn and give a warning. A banner is by its very nature an advertisement of concerted effort and Mrs. Carter believed that whenever two or more boys gathered together with a set purpose something exceedingly unpleasant from an adult point of view was reasonably sure to happen. She had tried, from his earliest years, to make Eddie a good boy but "there are such bad boys in Riverbank," as she often said, and boys will play with boys.

If Mrs. Carter had been able to read the legend on the white banner she would have gone to the barn immediately, scenting dime novel influences at work. The words the banner bore in straggling letters and in a hue only six shades lighter than blood were:

PIRUT CRUE OF
†
THE RED DAGGER
E. CARTER, HEAD PIRUT

Except the Red Avengers of the Plains, Mrs. Carter dreaded the pirates more than any other game her son indulged in. There were bad influences at work wherever boys played pirates. There had to be oaths (usually softened to "gol-swiggle my timbers," but not always) and there had to be much imaginary but brutalizing shedding of blood, hanging of captives, and brutal deeds. She felt it was all bad for Eddie; it coarsened him. She did not want him coarsened; he was by nature such a dear boy.

In the hayloft the ten boys had gathered together that morning like conspirators avoiding the police. Eddie had ordered them to be there. He had planned the affair with his closest friend, Ernst Swartz, known better as Dutch Swartz.

"Well, but they are, aren't they?" he had insisted. "They've got German names, haven't they? Your name is German itself, ain't it? Your father is a Germar, ain't he?"

"No, he ain't, neither! He's American. He's as American as you are. He was born here just as much as you was. My grandfather come from Germany but that don't make me German, does it?"

"Well——"

"Well, it don't, does it?"

"Well, how do you know how German everybody in town is? I bet there's lots of Germans in town that are as German as anything! I bet there are hundreds of German Germans in town. And how would they like to see you and Smitty and Doodle and Hanky and all the other fellers with German names helping to win this war against them? How would they like that, hey? I guess I know what they would say!"

"What would they say?"

"They'd say you was traitors, that's what!"

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"Well, what if they said it? Who cares what they say?"

"You'd care, I guess, if they got together and said 'Dutchy Swartz, he's one of the traitors to the Kaiser; he's working against us. We got to kill him one of the first we kill, because he's a traitor.'

"Gee!" ejaculated Dutch Swartz.

"Well, we got to be slick," said Eddie, lowering his voice and glancing around, conspirator-fashion. "We got to fool them, that's what! We got to help win the war, and we got to not let them Germans know we are doing it. If we went and got up a Boys' Red Cross and hung out a red cross sign on our barn they would have spies on us and some night you and Smitty and Doodle and Hanky would wake up in bed with a knife in your hearts. That's what would happen! But they can't scare old Eddie Carter! I can fool 'em!"

"How?" asked Ernst.

"Well, now," said Eddie, "we won't call it no Red Cross. I guess I stayed awake all last night thinking how we could fool them old German spies, and I done it. We won't have no red cross for a sign. We'll have a new sign that's almost like a red cross but it won't be. It will be a red dagger. Them German spies won't think anything when they see a red dagger; they won't know what it means. We'll just get some good old red ink and make a point on the bottom of the red cross on our Red Cross badge and make a dagger out of it."

"Yes, but——"

"Well, wait, can't you? You got to wait if you want to hear anything, haven't you? Well, we won't get up no Boys Red Cross. We'll get up a pirate gang,"

"But I thought——"

"All right, if you want to interrupt me every minute! How can I explain, if you go interrupting——"

"I just said——"

"Well, do you want me to tell you, or don't you? I don't care if the Germans call you a traitor and kill you. I don't care!"

"Aw! go ahead, Eddie! I won't butt in!"

"Well, we'll get up a pirate gang," said Eddie. "We'll get up a Red Dagger pirate gang and have it up in my barn and all the kids of our gang can be in it. Them German spies won't suspect anything about a pirate gang, will they? I guess not!"

Dutch considered this thoughtfully.

"But what about the Red Cross things teacher wants us to do?" he asked.

"Why, gee!" said Eddie. "That's what we'll be doing, ain't it? That's what it will be for—to do those things. We'll go ahead and do them, but those old German spies won't know it. They'll just think we are pirates, pirating around and sinking ships and everything. And all the time we'll be Red Cross, only we'll be Red Dagger. Then you and Doodle and Smitty and Hanky and all the German-name kids can be in it."

"All right," said Ernst. "When'll we begin?"

"To-morrow morning," said Eddie.

The call and the warning were passed in whispers and Saturday morning the pirates gathered. They came stealthily, pausing at the corner of the barn to glance here and there before they moved around it, and pausing again at the door to see that no German spy was on their trail, darting inside the barn hastily. At the top of the stairs Ernst stopped each daring youth and put him through a cross-examination.

"You wait, Smitty! You can't come up until I find out who you are," Ernst said. "What's your name? Where were you born? How old are you? Where do you live?"

He jotted all these down on the blank back of a 1916 calendar and permitted the pirate to enter the ship. Once on the deck of the ship—the floor of the hay-loft—the recruit was in the hands of the pirate chief and was given the oath of "al-leige-ie-ance"—"I pledge allegiance to my flag——" and sworn to eternal secrecy by kissing the red dagger, on which the red paint was still wet.

"Eddie! How did you get your hands all paint?" his mother demanded when he came in for noon dinner. "You'll never get it out from around your finger nails. What have you been doing?"

"Well, I can wash it off, can't I?" Edward demanded. "I can scrub it off with sand, can't I? I can't do anything except you got to scold me!"

"I'm not scolding you. What were you and all those boys doing this morning?"

"Well, if we can't play a little in our own old hay-loft, I'd like to know where we can play," Eddie complained sullenly. "First you say 'Don't run all over the neighborhood,' and then you say——"

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"Now, I have not said a word!" said Mrs. Carter.

"Well, we can't do a thing except somebody has to begin asking——"

"That will do!" said Mrs. Carter. "If that is the way I am snapped up I don't want to know what you were doing. Wash your hands and go eat your dinner."

The Pirut Crue of the Red Dagger had a busy afternoon. The deck plan of the good ship *Red Dagger* had to be marked out on the hay-loft floor with red paint, leaving the four corners of the loft outside the red lines to represent water—the briny deep through which the sinister, low craft was cutting her way—and a deadly five pounder had to be mounted forward. There were cutlasses to be shaped out of laths, barrels of grog to be hoisted aboard, tomato boxes and chunks of wood to be carried aboard for seats for the swaggering, hardened pirates.

"Eddie, what you got under your coat?" Martha asked late in the afternoon when she caught Edward returning from a raid on the attic.

"Well, I guess I can have some old rags out of the rag-bag, can't I?" he demanded. "I guess you ain't got the say of all the old rag-bags in this house!"

"You let me see what you're toting out to that barn, or I'll tell your mother on you when she gets home."

Reluctantly Eddie showed his loot. Martha examined the rags but found no just cause for complaint. They were scraps of red calico, part of an old red cotton skirt and a moth-eaten red flannel undershirt. A few minutes later they were bound around the heads of the ten blood-thirsty pirates.

"Shiver my timbers, mates!" said Eddie. "We ought to have earrings, like Old Blood-and-Bones of the *Sweet Susan*."

"Well, you've got some copper wire, haven't you?" Ernst reminded him. "We can make some earrings, can't we? Gol-swiggle my eye, yes!"

So they made earrings.

"Well, I guess that's all we can do to-day," said Eddie, as the sun lowered and supper time approached. "We got to put all these things in the corner and pile the boxes on them, so the old German spies won't find them when they come snooping around. And Monday we got to start doing the deeds no eye must see. Hey, maties all?"

"That's right," said Ernst.

"Now, you don't want to say that!" Eddie complained. "You want to say 'Aye, aye, captain!' Say it."

"Aye, aye, captain!" said the murderous nine.

"And you'll all bring your weapons—you know! Two daggers."

"Aye, aye, captain!"

"And your—your ammunition."

"Aye, aye, captain!"

"Well, I guess that's all, mates. You got to help me put these things in the corner. I can't be head pirate and teach you, and do everything, can I?"

The pirate crew worked with a will and Mrs. Carter, seeing them come out of the barn saw only ten boys coming from their play. She did not like to annoy Eddie by speaking to him again, but she did ask advice of her husband that evening.

"George," she said. "Eddie had at least a dozen boys in the barn to-day."

"Well, the barn is still there, isn't it?" her husband asked.

"Yes, but I think they are playing pirate. Eddie is so touchy when I speak to him that I hate to do it. I think he knows he is getting too old for such games and is ashamed to be asked about it. But they do use such language when they get together and play pirate. Not the words but the way they say them. And they think such cruel things—murder and shooting and killing, and things like that. I know it is not good for boys of their age."

"I don't know," said Mr. Carter. "I killed millions—like that—and you married me. I ran them through and through! But when I was an Indian! Ah! I cut the quivering flesh of my captives and tasted it and said 'This is sweet!'"

"George!"

"I got that out of dear old Fenimore Cooper," he laughed.

None the less Mrs. Carter fretted over the pirate crew in the hay-loft. After school in the afternoons the pirate crew gathered there and the rollicking, ribald songs of the tough old sea-dogs came to her ears. It is true that they did not sing

"Scuttle their ships, scatter their brains,
Let them rot in their rusty chains,
With a scudding breeze and a cask of rum,
Buckle me, batter me, yum-ti-tum!"

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"Get some go into it this time or, shiver my blasted timbers, there'll be no more

but they did sing "Tipperary" and "Over There" in perfectly piratical chorus. Worst of all were the silences, when the songs ceased, and Mrs. Carter imagined the pirate crew performing unholy pirate rites. They might even be chewing tobacco! She imagined awful things.

On Wednesday afternoon she could bear it no longer. From the hay-loft where the good ship *Red Dagger* scudded before a stiff breeze, the good old deep-sea chanty. "Over There," was ringing with all the vigor of ten lusty chests, and Mrs. Carter put down her knitting —she was doing Red Cross work—and stole out to the barn. She put her foot on the lowest step of the stairs and hesitated.

"Once more, men!" she heard Eddie order. "Get some go into it this time or, shiver my blasted timbers, there'll be no more grog for a week! Now, all together, hearties—

"Over there! Over there!
Send the word, send the word over there!
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming every where!"

Under the cover of the singing Mrs. Carter stole up the stairs. She put her head just above the floor and observed the horrid scene

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grog for a week! Now all together, heartues—'Over there! Over there!'"

taking place on the deck of the death-ship *Red Dagger*.

Ranged in a circle on the afterdeck of the ship the nine blood-thirsty members of the pirate crew sat on boxes and chunks of wood, with their captain in their centre. They were a murderous appearing lot, their heads bound round with red rags, their copper earrings in their ears, their pine pistols and cutlasses stuck in their belts, and flowing or stubbly mustaches traced on their cruel faces with charcoal.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Ernst pettishly, as the song ended.

"What's the matter, Ben Bloodshaw?" demanded the pirate chief. "Shiver my timbers, don't you know how to do it yet? Well, fetch me your daggers and I'll show you again."

Ben Bloodshaw arose, spat like a pirate, and swaggered across the deck to the captain's side, and Mrs. Carter stole noiselessly down the stairs

The daggers were knitting needles and the pirate crew of the sea-scourge *Red Dagger* were learning to knit "wristlets" for the soldiers, under the deep, dark, daring eye of their dauntless captain!

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FRAZIER HUNT—the man who went to Paris for The Red Cross Magazine—arrived there just as the present German drive was launched. He started immediately for the front—to help the Red Cross. He worked first; he served first; then he became the correspondent. Out of his experiences in helping the refugees along their hapless way he has given us this brilliant and vivid picture of the homeless French peasant in the woes and the horrors of a ghastly retreat.

The Road of Broken Hearts

By Frazier Hunt

OLD Madame Journet, coming out of her fine little cellar home, nodded a pleasant good morning to old Madame Bertrand who was just stepping into the courtyard through a great shell hole in what had once been a wall of Madame Journet's house. All morning the great guns had been roaring on the battle front of the Somme a scant dozen miles to the east—but the big cannon often scolded and thundered there so Madame Journet was not specially worried.

"The Boche—he is attacking again," Madame Bertrand said in an excited voice. "I heard this minute that he was breaking through the British, that our Allies had killed thousands but that he comes on and on. We must go."

Madame Journet, startled and frightened, repeated dumbly: "The Boches, the Boches—Oh, what can I do with the little ones, and my husband he is old and weak?"

"Would you live again under Boche rule?" the other old woman demanded. "When they were here then they took all our strong and useful—this time they would even take our grandchildren. I would sooner die in the road fleeing from them than live here again under them."

Madame Journet slowly nodded in approval. Terrifying and crushing as was the thought of leaving this tumbled-down place called "home," it was small indeed compared to the awful dream of again having the soul crushed by the iron heel of German military conquerors. For just as these modern Huns had left only cellars to live in, so had they left only a spark of hope in the heart of these simple peasants.

And now they were coming again—breaking through brave British soldiers by the sheer weight of numbers and shameless sacrifice of life. It was swift, too, like those August days three and a half years before, when gray-green hordes of barbarians had come tramping and cursing and killing, driving back the bravest soldiers of brave France and then squatting there and ruling with terror the frightened, starving people.

With thousands of others Madame Journet's little home in the tiny country village in the fertile valley of the Somme had been destroyed by the bombardments when the Germans had come on in that August of 1914. The town with its seventy-five or eighty ancient masonry houses was only a single street of dead, useless walls now. To the traveler looking at it through blurred shocked eyes it was but another Pompeii. Moss grew in the chinks of the crumbling walls and there was not a single sign of life. But there *was* life and in the last year, hope, like the green of spring, had come creeping back into this desolate land.

Probably there were some 50,000 others who, with Madame Journet, had been caught and trampled under in that tragic August when the Hun swept through the rich district watered by the Somme. And he had gone almost to Paris when the gallant poilu had hurled him back across the Marne and back and back—seventy-five miles he had lost in three days—and then, the endurance of even the brave French no longer being able to hold up under the terrible marches, the invader had dug himself into the soil and there he had remained.

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And Madame Journet and the 50,000 were helplessly crushed under the cruel iron heel.

The ruined homes, the trampled fields, the burned and destroyed crops—these had been war, and were not wholly unexpected; but who had even dreamed of the systematic breaking of a people's heart and the crushing of every hope and faith. Madame Journet and her peasant neighbors had never even heard of "*Kultur*"—but in these months of 1914 and '15 and '16 and early '17 they learned the full and awful meaning of the word. No feudal lord in the cruel medieval ages ever ruled his vassals like these barons of the fire-brand and the sword ruled these captured cantons. But all this was only play as compared to what was to come.

One morning early in January, 1917, Madame Journet had gone into the nearest living city, five miles away, and there in front of the German military headquarters was a list of French people who were to report at 9 o'clock the following morning—report to be sent away to slavery and possibly worse.

"There are no names of us there, are they?" she had quite confidently and simply asked of a neighbor who could read. And when she was told that her daughter's name was there—Suzanne whose husband was away at war and whose two little children lived there in the cellar with her and old Monsieur Journet—when she heard this she tried to stifle her cry.

With trembling hands and quivering lips she hurried over the cobbled road to her cellar and broke the news. For a dozen seconds no one could speak and then Suzanne said, very low and simply: "*Mais mes petits?* How can I leave little two-year old Madeleine and Pierre, why, he is only five? And you and papa will die without me?"

THE GERMANS TAKE SUZANNE

So that afternoon they had talked of escape. Suzanne was strong and full throated, and German soldiers had often sung remarks at her that now set cold darts of fear and terror into her heart. But it would be foolhardy to attempt any escape, so far into the night the little family had talked and when the candle had burned completely down Suzanne had gone to sleep, clutching tightly her two children.

The next morning, with her pitiful little bundle of clothes tied in a great handkerchief, Suzanne had started off on her journey into bondage. The mother, old Madame Journet and Monsieur Journet, with the two grandchildren playing along by their side, had hobbled into town with her for a last kiss and a final hand wave. Roughly the Boche captain had ordered Suzanne into the group of those who were to be deported.

SLAVES OF THE BOCHE

Seventeen-year old Marie Deschamps was there, brave and unflinching, and Louis Muret, who had seven children depending on his little fields for their sustenance, and Gaston Benoist, who was sixty-five but still could work, and two score others—all that the neighborhood had left who could work and who could keep the children and the old from starving. And the women chosen were to bend their tired backs in German fields under German lashes, or to cut their hands making shells that were to kill their own husbands or fathers. One third of all the people in the department were herded here under sullen Boche guards—every home lost its bread winner and its one hope. Life now would necessarily be ten times harder than it had even been in these last terrible two and a half years.

Then the order had been given and the march was started. Mothers clutched at their daughters passing out of their lives into the terrible possibilities of an unknown future; wives tried to reach husbands who were so sorely needed; little children cried with outstretched arms for mothers who were being dragged away.

Slowly Madame Journet turned, when the procession of broken-hearted slaves had been swallowed up at the bridge and were lost to sight, and taking little Pierre and Madeleine each by a hand, with Grandpa Journet trudging along behind, started on the trip back to the tiny dead village and the cellar. It was doubly hard now without the strong willing hands of Suzanne, but there was still the cow and the half dozen chickens, scratching and clucking among the ruins of the house, and Pierre had his box of rabbits and there were the three goats and old Monsieur Journet could herd them in the quiet open fields and along the white stone roads. So somehow the family got along and although there was not quite as much as there used to be, Pierre and Madeleine never had to go to bed with empty stomachs.

Then one day in March little Pierre came home crying with the news that a Boche had

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driven away the precious cow and the goats and, when he had protested the soldier had struck him with a stick. At first Grandma Journet could not believe the boy, but ten minutes later word spread throughout the village that the Boches were taking everything of value and were about to evacuate the district. The next night long military trains of lorries began to pass along the road and then came miles and miles of foot soldiers and great cannons hauled by grunting motors. In the daytime there was no great movement, but when night came the road was alive with men and animals and moving things.

GERMANS SPREAD DESOLATION

Day and night now Madame Journet kept her little family in the cave for fear—word had spread of terrible violences committed by these gray-green men with their sullen faces—orchards chopped down, homes destroyed, little, patched-up dwelling places knocked over. Then there had come great hordes hurrying by in the day and then a lull, and one glorious hour a patrol of the blue-clad heroes of La Belle France trotted by. Madame had cheered them, and Pierre and even little Madeleine had clapped their hands and shouted.

It was the retreat in the valley of the Somme to the Hindenburg line and, along with Madame Journet, were liberated fifty thousand peasants in this district that roughly ran some seventy-miles long and thirty-five deep.

But the cow was gone and the goats were gone and there were only the rabbits and the chickens left. Still there was the pension from the Government now—two and one half francs a day it averaged—and by walking many miles to where there was a little store Madame Journet could buy food enough to keep Pierre and Madeleine from crying from hunger.

One day in the summer of 1917, after Madame had heard that the great United States had gone into the war to help France, there came to the little crumbling village a small motor car with the magic words "American Red Cross" stencilled on its sides, and a very kind American woman promised to help in food and everything that might be needed. And the promise was made good. That summer and fall and winter, so much that the little cellar home had been without was furnished by this same kind woman. She was one of a group who were working in conjunction with the great Red Cross, Madame learned, and the things that were given her came from this glorious America.

Old neighbors, who had fled before the Hun in those August days of 1914, slowly drifted back to their ruined homes. Societies and groups of Americans working with the Red Cross built tiny green houses for them—tight, comfortable little houses with brown shutters and brown window frames that nestled against the walls of what had once been their century-old homes. Spring came on, and there were great plans for a planting that would feed many hungry mouths and help France win the war. Little local agrarian communal societies were formed and through the great Red Cross, acting as a rich and generous godmother, tools were given and even horses, and their own government was to furnish the seed and help with the planting. Oh, it was to be a glorious spring and summer in these heart-broken districts—life and hope were to be won back and smiles were to come again to lips that had long been too sad.

But all this was before the terrible Wednesnight of March 20th, when for hours on hours the great guns had pounded and rumbled, and then on the following morning, when out of a heavy impenetrable mist had swept the green-gray hordes of Boches—and almost as quickly as the sound of the heavy cannon pounding the brave Tommies had echoed back from ruined village to ruined village, had flashed the word that the Boches were coming again.

THE RED CROSS COMES

Late that afternoon a stream of refugees from towns a little closer to the front went scurrying by. Still Madame Journet stayed on in her cellar. The American woman who had watched over her so carefully these hard winter months would not desert her now, she knew, and would come and tell her what was best to do.

And toward evening the Red Cross woman did come and, with many assurances, promised that a close watch was being kept of the situation and that the moment that it was necessary they would come in a motor truck for Madame Journet and her neighbors. It was the promise of an old friend and that night, although a stream of army ambulances shot by and wounded Tommies hobbled down the road, Madame Journet knew that she was still safe.

Saturday morning, while Madame was out

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feeding the three hens and the cock, the Red Cross truck did draw up and the big, smiling, cheerful American boy, who was driving, helped to load the little wooden trunk and the pillow slip full of clothes and the reserve bread and the precious pans and, although he shook his head when Madame declared that she must take along her chickens, he held the sack while they dropped in. And even Pierre took his two rabbits and his pocket full of greens to feed them.

It was only the work of a dozen minutes to make the rounds of the dead village and pick up the cave dwellers who still remained; the big American boy simply carried old Madame Durec, more than a hundred years old, from her cellar to the truck and carefully lifted her to a fine soft seat of straw. There were even smiles when he fairly threw the kiddies on to the big truck, and everybody laughed when he tried to help fat old Madame Muret, who weighs almost two hundred pounds, to the high truck floor. Even poor Madame Desjardins, who had four little children and whose soldier husband had been killed only a month before, was smiling by the time the camion was started.

THE CHAOS OF THE RETREAT

It was a long journey back the twelve miles to the old crumbling stone building that had once been a convent, for the roads were choked with traffic now and for what seemed like hours the way would be blocked by trains of wagons or cannon or marching soldiers. But once at the great building Madame Journet and her neighbors were gently lifted from the high truck by Red Cross hands and in a minute steaming bowls of soup were given out, and then they were taken to straw-strewn rooms where they might rest. Meanwhile the truck was shooting back to other little ruined villages, gathering together those who still remained and carrying them to safety at the great old convent.

The road in front of the crumbling building was fairly afire with war.

Mixed with the lines of soldiers, going and coming, was the endless ebb and flow of broken refugees. Some of the more prosperous farmers drove patient old oxen or possibly sturdy French horses hitched tandem to the great, high, two-wheeled farm carts, whose sides could be extended until they were longer than an American wagon. Everything had been piled in them—boxes, great bundles, century-old trunks, kitchen utensils, feed for the horses, furniture, and on the very peak rode the inevitable old grandmother holding one or two of the younger children. Hitched on behind rattled some rusty piece of American farm machinery and tied to it came a cow or two—and behind it all trudged the family. When long stops were made the cow would be milked and the warm, foamy milk passed up to the old woman and the little children.

THE TERROR OF BROKEN FAMILIES

But these were only the more prosperous peasants. To one family that traveled with horses or oxen a score of others walked, carrying or wheeling pitiful little handfuls of the things that they had saved from three and a half years of bombardment and war and looting; a wheelbarrow or a baby carriage filled with tiny bundles—a dress, pans, an old pair of shoes, a loaf of bread with a bottle of red wine tucked alongside, and, balanced on top, the baby. Behind the frail mother came the old grandmother holding fast in each hand a child, tired, dusty, and hungry, and frightened. It was a road of broken hearts.

Almost as strong and terrible as the fear of the Boche was the thought of families becoming separated in this great crush of men and animals and armies. It was so easy to happen and so hard to solve when once it did, for no one knew where they were going or how far; they were simple folk and the world was very strange and big to them. Already at the convent Madame Journet had taken under her kindly wing two little girls who had lost their half-blind mother and baby brother. Like a little mother the older of the two was holding fast to her own handkerchief full of bread and calming the fears of her sister. The Red Cross soup and chocolate had cheered them up, and now Madame Journet had promised them that soon they should find their own mother again.

Running against the flow of refugees and retreating soldiers, streamed an endless mass of French troops rushing to stem the attack. Miles and miles of dusty camions; old Paris buses glorious in their old age; American-made lorries filled with troops and munitions; rattling but welcome soup kitchens; creaky quartermaster wagons; little groups of lancers and other French cavalrymen, their horses sleek and well fed compared to the thin bony

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transport animals, and now and again a unit of lorries driven by big American soldiers, their olive drab uniforms in strange contrast to the light blue of their French comrades.

That night Madame Journet and her little family and the others who were gathered in the old convent slept under the assurance that all would be looked after by these wise and friendly people of the Red Cross. Sure enough the next morning there was hot chocolate for them and then came the ride in the trucks to the big town where there was safety. All day and far into the night these trucks and cars and their drivers brought in the stragglers and the old and the young and the wounded. Now and then they stopped to dig a grave and honor some brave soldier who had died for France. Again and again they were under fire, and time after time these sturdy Americans heard the br-r-r-r of machine gun fire before their work was done.

Finally the towns far back from the firing line were reached, and then came the great work of looking after the stranded refugees. Troop movements demanded every engine and car, so the promised refugee trains that would carry these poor folk to the south, where other Red Cross units were already preparing to care for them, were not forthcoming. So Madame Journet and a half thousand others found themselves in a great damp railroad station, huddled together like frightened sheep.

Then the Red Cross, with the help of its allied organizations, reached out its great gentle arm and brought these heart-broken people to its breast. Warm, cheering food found hungry mouths; little children and babies reaching out thin, tiny hands found cups of warm milk and cakes of chocolate and bread. Mothers were happy that they could get the milk for their babies.

And a hundred yards away in the railroad yard, near the great wooden shed now turned into a hospital for wounded soldiers, was another canteen where the soldiers who had given so much for the world were fed. They, too, reached up pleading hands like the little children in the station, and their hands were filled with precious cigarettes and chocolate and bread.

Then finally the long train of third class carriages and box cars, that was to carry the refugees to the south, chugged into the yard, and again strong and gentle Red Cross arms lifted feeble, old women and smiling children into straw beds.

"We of France will never forget the Red Cross of America," whispered Madame Journet. Then she smiled and, shaking hands, gathered together her little flock of kiddies, with the two lost ones, and her precious bag of chickens and the half dozen tiny bundles of treasures, and old Monsieur Journet, and piled them all into the hard wooden benches, and passing out carefully figured chunks of war bread settled down for the long ride to the south.

But out in their soup kitchens close to the firing line the Red Cross civilian relief workers remained. They had seen their long patient endeavors and their months of work snuffed out like a candle—and yet they were not discouraged.

"We're going to start in again," they said very quietly and sincerely. "Giving life to broken districts—it's inspiring work. Why, if we knew it would happen again we would repeat it all cheerfully and happily."

Looking back over these terrible March days one thinks of many things—helpless, frightened old women, little hungry children holding out pleading hands—the faith of all—wounded soldiers who could only tell of their gratitude for the nourishing soup and comforting smokes by the look in their eyes—a thousand pictures of the crushing of a people who can NOT be crushed.

It has been worth while. Just what the Red Cross and its allied organizations were able to do in this retreat of the civilians alone was worth all the months of work and heart-aches and discouragements that had been met in this wonderful, inspiring attempt to rebuild these ruined villages and turn brown, worthless fields into growing green acres. It has won the heart of France in a way that even fighting men could not do—it has won faith in America.

Within the sound of the guns, and almost before the last civilian had trudged his way out of the districts, plans were formed to start rebuilding anew in other departments of France as dangerous and as uncertain as these first were. And should the Boche by some chance overrun these and trample down the homes and hopes of other courageous thousands this new work, too, will be worth while; the Hun may trample down the harvest in the fields but America will reap the love and faith of France—and that will be quite enough.

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Fly—the Germans are Coming!

The appalling cry that ran through Picardy in the first days of the German Drive

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CARAVAN

Farmers and breeders of live-stock save their stock and their household goods at the same time

THE ROAD OF SORROWS

French peasants who last year returned to their homes are driven to the road again by the on-coming Germans

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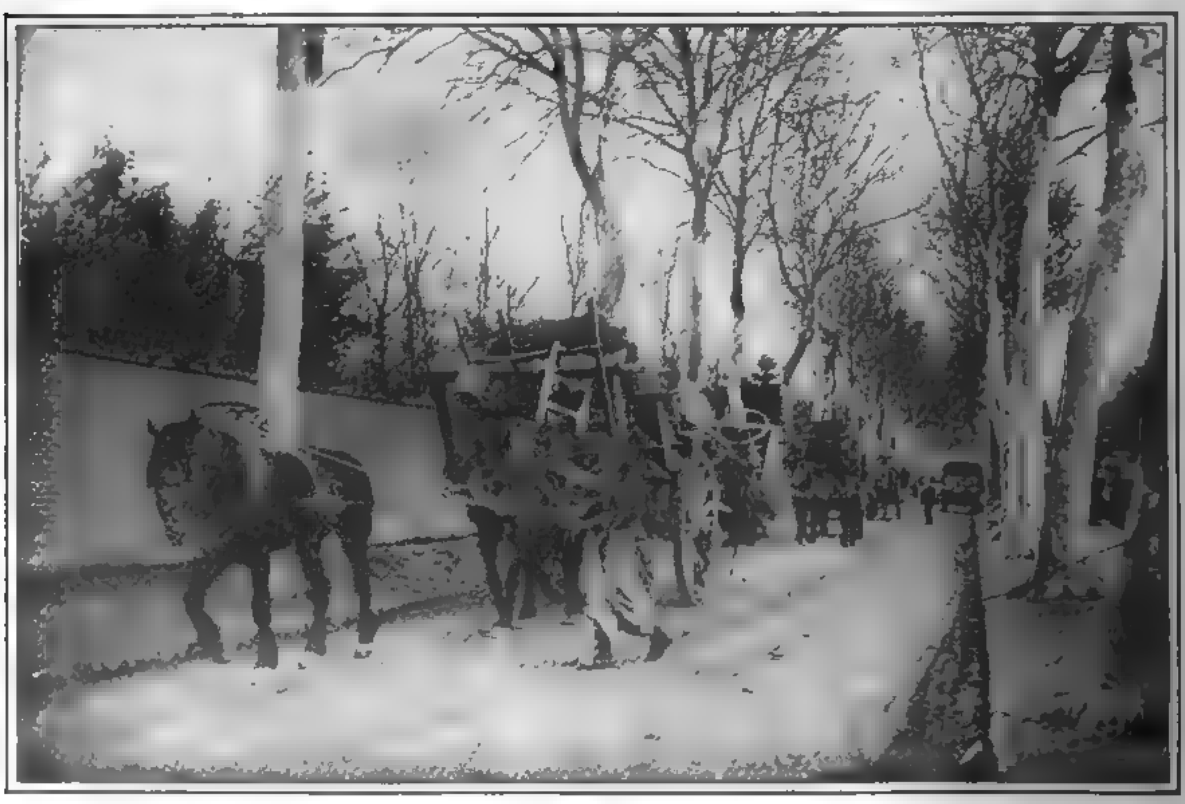
FLEEING THE STORM

Wheel-barrows, bicycles, carts and baby-carriages are all forced into service to help the peasants



THE LONG PROCESSION

Carts thus loaded down, blocked the roads for miles around Amiens

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THE THREE FATES

Among the daily hourly sorrows of that retreat, the lot of the women is not an easy one

GUARDING THE OLD

Only grandfather may ride; all the space possible must be given to the household goods

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ON THE ROAD TO AMIENS
This farmer saves his cattle and his cattle save their food

A RED CROSS CANTEEN
French soldiers on their way to the front. This scene of cheer gave hope to the fleeing refugees

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THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

A procession of captured Germans, moving with them along the road, is a welcome and encouraging sight to the refugees

STEMMING THE TIDE OF INVASION

British heavy guns going forward to the line of battle The piles of stone on the right are held ready to repair the road

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THE ARRIVAL IN PARIS

Every effort was made by the refugees to save their animals from the Germans. Here the goat was saved

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EVERYBODY LOVES A BABY

This mother and her two children are being cared for and fed in the Gare du Nord in Paris

FOR PURPOSES OF IDENTIFICATION

Red Cross officials taking full particulars of the refugees on their arrival in Paris

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IN THE REST ROOM
A Red Cross man watching over a mother and her children in the Gare du Nord

A WOUNDED REFUGEE BOY
The Red Cross workers are as gentle and kind to these wounded as the Germans have been brutal and merciless

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"The Fool Hath Said—"

By Conings by Dawson, C.F.A.

Author of "Carry On," "The Glory of the Trenches," etc.

Illustrated by PAUL STAHR

CONINGSBY DAWSON is to us an American; he has lived here for many years; he won his spurs as a writer here. But in reality he is an Englishman and an Oxford man, and the war called him strongly in the first days. As soon as he could arrange his affairs, he enlisted, went to Ottawa to a military training camp, was given a commission and then sailed for immediate service in France.

He fought with the Canadians in the big offensives on the Somme; at the end of June, 1917, he was wounded in the fierce struggle before Lens. For a time there was danger that his right arm would have to be amputated. His letters to his family in America were gathered into a noble little volume, the widely popular "Carry On".

He is now back at the front. Out of his recent experiences in England and here in America he was moved to write this needed piece of direct talk from one who knows to those who do not realize.

I AM not writing this paper for the conscious fool, but for his self-deceived brother who considers himself very wise. My hope is that some persons may recognize themselves and be provided with food for thought. They will usually be people who have contributed little to this war, except mean views and endless talk. Had they shared the sacrifice of it, they would have developed within themselves the faculty for a wider generosity. The extraordinary thing about generosity is its eagerness to recognize itself in others.

You find these untravelled critics and mischief-makers on both sides of the Atlantic. In most cases they have no definite desire to work harm, but they have inherited cantankerous prejudices which date back to the American Revolution, and they lack the vision to perceive that this war, despite its horror and tragedy, is the God-given chance of centuries to re-unite the great Anglo-Saxon races of the world in a truer bond of kindness and kinship. If we miss the chance we are flinging in God's face His splendid recompense for our common heroism.

It is an unfortunate fact that the merely foolish person constitutes as grave a danger as the deliberate plotter. His words, if they are acid enough, are quoted and re-quoted. They pass from mouth to mouth, gaining in authority. By the time they reach the friendly country at which they are directed, they have taken on the appearance of an opinion representative of a nation. The Hun is well aware of the value of gossip for the encouraging of divided counsels among his enemies. He invents a slander, pins it to some racial grievance, confides it to the fools among the Allies and leaves them to do the rest. Some of them

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wander about in a merely private capacity, nagging without knowledge, depositing poison, breeding doubts as to integrity, and all the while pretending to maintain a mildly impartial and judicial mental attitude. Their souls never rise from the ground. Their brains are gangrenous with memories of cancelled malice. They suspect hero-worship; it smacks to them of sentiment. They examine, but never praise. Being incapable of sacrifice, they find something meretriciously melodramatic about men and nations who are capable. Had they lived nineteen hundred years ago, they would have haunted Calvary to discover fraud.

Then, there are others, by far more dangerous. These make their appearance daily in the morning press, thrusting their pessimisms across our breakfast-tables, beleaguering our faith with ill-natured judgments and querulous warnings. One of our London dailies, for instance, specializes in annoying America; it works as effectively to breed distrusts as if its policy was dictated from Berlin.

I have just returned from a prolonged tour of inspection of America's activities in France. Wherever I went I heard nothing but unstinted appreciation of Great Britain's surpassing gallantry: "We never knew that you Britishers were what you are; you never told us. We had to come over here to find out." When that had been said I always waited, for I guessed the qualifying statement that would follow: "There's only one thing that makes us mad. Why the devil does your censor allow the P—— to sneer at us ever morning? Your army doesn't feel that way toward us—at least, if it ever did, it doesn't now. Are there really people in England who——?"

At this point I would cut my questioner short: "There are men so short-sighted in every country that, to warm their hands, they would burn the crown of thorns. You have them in America. Such men are not representative."

It was good to hear them deriding the caricature of the typical Briton, which had served in their mental galleries as an exact likeness for so many years. It was proof to me that men who have endured the same hell in a common cause will be nearer in spirit, when the war is ended, than they are to their own civilian populations.

A Tommy is reading a paper in a muddy trench. Suddenly he scowls, and calls the bloomin' war 'cause 'e didn't get an egg for breakfast. Losin' the war!

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to his pal, "'Ere Bill, listen to wot this 'ere cry baby says. 'E thinks we're losin' A lot 'e knows abart it. A blinkin' lot 'e's done either to win or lose it"

For in all belligerent countries there are two armies fighting—the military and the civilian; either can let the other down. If the civilian army loses its morale, its vision, its unselfishness, and allows itself to be outbluffed by the civilian army of Germany, it as surely betrays its soldiers as if it joined forces with the Hun. We execute soldiers for cowardice: it's a pity that the same law does not govern the civilian army. There would be a rapid revision in the tone of more than one English and American newspaper.

A soldier is shot for cowardice because his example is contagious. What can be more contagious than a panic statement or a doubt daily reiterated? Already there are many of us who have a kindlier feeling and certainly more respect for a Boche who fights gamely, than for a Britisher or American who bickers and sulks in comfort. Only one doubt as to ultimate victory ever assails the Western Front: that it may be attacked in the rear by the premature peace negotiations of the civil populations it defends. Should that ever happen, the Western Front would cease to be a mixture of French, Americans, Canadians, Australians, British and Belgians: it would become a nation by itself, pledged to fight on till the ideals for which it set out to fight are definitely established.

We get tired of reading speeches in which civilians presume that the making of peace is in their hands. The making may be, but the acceptance is in ours. I do not mean that we love war for war's sake. We love it rather less than the civilian does. When an honorable peace has been confirmed, there will be no stauncher pacifists than the soldiers; but we reserve our pacifism till the war is won We shall be the last people in Europe to get war-weary. We started with a vision—the achieving of justice; we shall not grow weary till that vision has become a reality. When one has faced up to an ultimate self-denial, giving becomes a habit. One becomes eager to be allowed to give all—to keep none of life's small change. The fury of an ideal enfevers us. We become fanatical to outdo our own best records in self-surrender. Many of us, if we are alive when peace is declared, will feel

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an uneasy reproach that perhaps we did not give enough.

This being the spirit of our soldiers, it is easy to understand their contempt for those civilians who go on strike, prate of weariness, scream their terror when a few Hun planes sail over London, devote columns in their papers to pin-prick tragedies of food-shortage, and cloud the growing generosity between England and America by cavilling criticisms and mean reflections. Their contempt is not that of the fighter for the man of peace, but the scorn of the man who is doing his duty for the shirker.

THE FOOD SLACKER

A Tommy is reading a paper in a muddy trench. Suddenly he scowls, laughs rather fiercely, and calls to his pal, jerking his head as a sign to him to hurry. "'Ere Bill, listen to wot this 'ere cry-baby says. 'E thinks we're losin' the bloomin' war 'cause 'e didn't get an egg for breakfast. Losin' the war! A lot 'e knows abart it. A blinkin' lot 'e's done either to win or lose it. Yus, I don't think! Thank Gawd, we've got none of 'is sort up front."

To men who have gazed for months with the eyes of visionaries on sudden death, it comes as a shock to discover that back there, where life is so sweetly certain, fear still strides unabashed. They had thought that fear was dead—stifled by heroism. They had believed that personal littleness had given way before the magnanimity of martyrdom.

In this plea, then, for a firmer Anglo-American friendship I address the civilian populations of both countries. The fate of such a friendship is in their hands. In the Eden of national destinies God is walking; yet there are those who bray their ancient grievances so loudly that they all but drown the sound of His footsteps.

Being an Englishman it will be more courteous to commence with the fools of my own flesh and blood. Let me paint a contrast.

THE FINE MORALS OF AMERICAN OFFICERS

Last October I sailed back from New York with a company of American officers; they consisted in the main of trained airmen, navy experts, and engineers. Before my departure the extraordinary sternness of America, her keenness to rival her allies in self-denial, her willing mobilization of all her resources, had confirmed my optimism gained in the trenches, that the Allies must win; the mere thought of compromise was impossible and blasphemous.

This optimism was enhanced on the voyage by the conduct of the officers who were my companions. They carried their spirit of dedication to an excess that was almost irksome. They refused to play cards. They were determined not to relax. Every minute they could snatch was spent in studying text books. Their country had come into the war so late that they resented any moment lost from making themselves proficient. When expostulated with, they explained themselves by saying, "When we've done our bit it will be time to amuse ourselves." They were dull company, but, in a time of war, inspiring. All their talk was of when they reached England. Their enthusiasm for the Britisher was such that they expected to be swept into a rarer atmosphere by the closer contact with heroism.

We had an Englishman with us—obviously a consumptive. He typified for them the doggedness of British pluck. He had been through the entire song and dance of the Mexican Revolution; a dozen times he had been lined up against a wall to be shot. From Mexico he had escaped to New York, hoping to be accepted by the British military authorities. Not unnaturally he had been rejected. The purpose of his voyage to the Old Country was to try his luck with the Navy. He held his certificate as a highly qualified marine engineer. No one could persuade him that he was not wanted. "I could last six months," he said; "it would be something. Heaps of chaps don't last so long."

NEARLY BLIND—SEE WHAT HE DID

This man, a crock in every sense, hurrying back to help his country, symbolized for every American aboard the unconquerable courage of Great Britain. If you hadn't the full measure of years to give, give what was left, even though it were but six months. I may add that in England his services were accepted. His persistence refused to be disregarded. When red-tape stopped his progress, he used backstairs strategy. No one could bar him from his chance of serving.

In believing that he represented the Empire at its best, my Americans were not mistaken. There are thousands fighting to-day who share his example. One is an ex-champion sculler of Oxford; even in those days he was blind

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as a bat. His subsequent performance is consistent with his record; we always knew that he had guts. At the start of the war, he tried to enlist and was turned down on the score of eyesight. He tried four times with no better result. The fifth time he presented himself he was fool-proof; he had learnt the eyesight tests by heart. He went out a year ago as a "one pip artist"—a second lieutenant. Within ten months he had become a captain and was acting lieutenant-colonel of his battalion, all the other officers having been killed or wounded. At Cambrai he did such gallant work that he was personally congratulated by the general of his division. These American officers had heard such stories; they regarded England with a kind of worship. As men who hoped to be brave but were untested, they found something mystic and well nigh incredible in such utter courage. The consumptive, racing across the Atlantic that he might do something for England before death took him, made this spirit real to them.

IN A LONDON CLUB

We traveled to London as a party and there for a time we held together. The night before several set out for France we had a farewell gathering. The consumptive, who had just obtained his commission, was in particularly high feather: he brought with him a friend, a civilian official in the Foreign Office. Please picture the group: all men who had come from distant parts of the world to do one job—men in the army, navy, and flying service—everyone in uniform except the stranger.

Talk developed along the line of our absolute certainty as to complete and final victory. The civilian stranger commenced to raise his voice in dissent. We disputed his statements. He then set to work to run through the entire argument of pessimism. America was too far away to be effective; Russia was collapsing; France was exhausted; England had reached the zenith of her endeavor; Italy was not united in purpose. On every front he saw a black cloud rising and took a dyspeptic's delight in describing it as a little blacker than he saw it. There was an apostolic zeal about the man's dreary earnestness. He spoke with that air of superiority which is not uncommon with civilian Government officials. The Americans stared rather than listened; this was not the mystic and utter courage which they had expected to find well-nigh incredible. Their own passion far out-topped it.

The argument reached a sudden climax. There were wounded officers present. One of them said, "You wouldn't speak that way if you had the foggiest conception of the kind of chaps we have in the trenches."

"It makes no difference what kind they are," the pessimist replied intolerantly. "I'm asking you to face facts. Because you've succeeded in an attack, you soldiers seem to think that the war is ended. You base your arguments all the time on your little local knowledge of your own particular front."

THE SLACKER GETS HIS

The discussion ceased abruptly. Everyone sprang up. Voices strove together in advising their "facer of facts" to get into khaki and to go where he could obtain precisely the same kind of little local knowledge—perhaps, a few wounds as well. His presence was dishonorable—contaminating. We filed out and left him sitting humped in a chair, looking puzzled and pathetic, murmuring, "But I thought I was among friends."

My last clear-cut recollection is of a chubby young American naval airman standing over him, with clenched fists, passionately instructing him in the spiritual geography of America.

That's one type of fool: the type who specializes in catastrophe; the type who in eternally facing up to facts, takes no account of that magic quality, courage, which can make one man more terrible than an army; the type who is so profoundly well-informed about externals that he ignores the mightiness of soul that can remould externals to spiritual purposes. Were I a German, the spectacle of that solitary consumptive leaving the climate which meant life to him and hastening home to give just six months of service to his country, would be more menacing than the loss of an entire corps frontage.

DIRECT FROM HUNLAND

And there's the type who can't forget; he suffers from a fundamental lack of generosity. The Englishman of this type can't refrain from quoting such phrases as "Too proud to fight," whenever opportunity offers. His American counterpart insists that he is not fighting for Great Britain, but for the French. He makes himself offensive by silly talk about sister re-

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publics, implying that all other forms of Government are essentially tyrannical. He never loses an opportunity to mention Lafayette, assuming that one Frenchman is worth ten Britishers. A very gross falsehood is frequently on the lips of this sort of man; he doesn't know where he picked it up and has never troubled to test its accuracy. I can tell him where it originated; at Berlin in the bureau for Hun propaganda.

Every time he utters it he is helping the enemy. This falsehood is to the effect that Great Britain has conserved her man-power; that in the early days she let Frenchmen do the fighting and that now she is marking time till Americans are ready to die in her stead. The statement is so stupendously untrue that it goes unheeded by those who know the empty homes of England or have witnessed the gallantry of our piled-up dead.

ANOTHER KIND OF FOOL

Then there's the jealous fool—the fool who in England will see no reason why this paper should have been written. His line of argument will be, "We've been in this war for more than three years. We've done everything that America is doing; because she's new to the game, we're doing it much better. We don't want any one to appreciate us; so why go praising her?" Precisely. Why be decent? Why seek out affections? Why be polite or kindly? Why not be automatons? I suppose the answer is, "Because we happen to be men, and are privileged temporarily to be playing in the rôle of heroes. The heroic spirit rather educates one to hold out the hand to new arrivals of the same sort."

There is one type of fool, exclusively American, whose stupidity arises from love and tenderness. Very often she is a woman. She had been responsible for the arrival in France of a number of narrow-minded and well-intentioned persons; their errand is to investigate vice conditions in the U. S. Army. This suspicion of the women at home concerning the conduct of their men in the field, is directly traceable to reports of the debasing influences of war set in circulation by the anti-militarists. I want to say emphatically that cleaner, more earnest, better protected troops than those from the United States are not to be found in Europe. Both in Great Britain and on the Continent their Puritanism has created a deep impression. By their idealism they have made their power felt; they are men with a vision in their eyes, who have traveled three thousand miles to keep a rendezvous with death. That those for whom they are prepared to die should suspect them is a degrading disloyalty. That trackers should be sent after them from home to pick up clues to their unworthiness is sheerly damnable. To disparage the heroism of other nations is bad enough; to distrust the heroes of your own flesh and blood, attributing to them lower than civilian moral standards, is to be guilty of the meanest treachery and ingratitude.

Here, then, are some of the sample fools to whom this article is addressed. The list could be indefinitely lengthened. "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God.'" He says it in many ways and takes a long while in saying it; but the denying of God is usually the beginning and the end of his conversation. He denies the vision of God in his fellow-men and fellow-nations even when the spikes of the Cross are visibly tearing wounds in their feet and hands.

THE MASTER OF HIS SOUL

Life has swung back to a primitive decision since the war commenced. The decision is the same for both men and nations. They can choose the world or achieve their own souls. They can cast mercenary lots for the raiment of a crucified righteousness or take up their martyrdom as disciples. Those men and nations who have been disciples together can scarcely fail to remain friends when the tragedy is ended. What the fool says in his heart at this present moment is not of any lasting importance. There will always be those who mock, offering vinegar in the hour of agony, and taunting, "If thou be what thou sayest——" But in the comradeship of the twilit walk to Emmaus neither the fool nor the mocker are remembered.

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The Red Cross in Japan

By a Field Officer to the Orient of The American Red Cross

THROUGH the 14th Division the American Red Cross extends its strengthening and appealing arms to Americans in every part of the world. Under it are all the chapters outside of the United States. Wherever there are groups of our citizens in South America, Cuba, China, Japan, and the Islands of the Sea, they are being formed into active branches under the direction of Mr. Cutler, head of the division. The writer of this article made a circle around the Pacific Ocean for the 14th Division establishing new chapters and taking encouraging messages to the far-spread groups.

He visited Japan and there he was welcomed by the distinguished officials of the Japanese Red Cross. Their practical offers of co-operation with us is a proof that the common symbol and common creed of the world-wide Red Cross is a fresh basis for the strengthening of international ties.

AFTER one has been working in the hectic atmosphere of the Red Cross Headquarters in Washington, in new and half-finished buildings erected almost overnight, with various annexes and miscellaneous offices hastily brought into service, it is something of a change to find oneself in Tokyo entering a great dignified brick structure which is the home of the Japanese Red Cross. With them it is as if the establishment were fully completed, with smooth-running machinery; while we have been setting up the plant, building a great organization, and doing a business of gigantic proportions—all at the same time and with almost incredible results. In Japan everything is stately; the building has great rooms for receptions, for dinners, for meetings, apartments for officials; and the business seems to go as quietly as if it had been running forever. Even the attendant at the door receives you with a quiet and respectful demeanor which makes you realize that you are in an Oriental country; and as you go up the great steps to meet the officials, you are impressed with the fact that such an organization as this has been gradually attaining its present efficiency through the efforts of years and years.

If you are so fortunate—as I was—to be invited to meet the President, Baron Ishiguro; the Vice-President, Mr. Hirayama; and the Secretary, Mr. Togo, as a representative of a sister society eight or ten thousand miles away, you will be received with great cordiality. Mr. Togo, the Secretary, will talk to you in perfect English, and act as interpreter for the other members of the Board.

All, or nearly all of them have visited in the United States, and they know much more about The American Red Cross than we know about The Japanese Red Cross. Again, you are impressed with the quiet orderliness as compared with the hurly-burly of the scores of offices at home, with a telephone ringing at every desk, employees running in and out, and hosts of visitors.

If, on the other hand, you should arrive on a meeting day, we will say, of the committee of ladies of the Society, you may have the pleasant experience of attending a Japanese affair which has all the charm of a children's party as well as an official function. The Japanese know well how to play and to enjoy the things which are simple and natural. For instance, at cherry-blossom time each year the annual meeting of the whole organization is held in Shiba Park, and from 30,000 to 40,000 members attend. Here they listen

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to speeches and enjoy nature at the same time, in the Japanese springtime when the world is at its best.

People who acclaim their wisdom about Oriental customs and manners have been writing books for many years about the subtlety of the Oriental character, and of the characteristic of concealing from the visitor what is most strongly in their minds. I am frank to say that I found none of this with the officers of The Japanese Red Cross. We had many meetings, and we met each other with a frankness and practical directness which was refreshing.

Baron Ishiguro, who is the President of this great organization, is a quiet gentleman, a Surgeon-General of the Army, now retired. He does not speak English, but he understands much that is said, and of course is a French scholar. One is impressed in meeting official Japan with how much more these men know about our country than we know about theirs. Many of them have been educated in the United States or Europe; and although the communication between Japan and our own land is by no means adequate, and in these degenerate times the mail from Washington to Tokyo takes from a month to six weeks, they are by no means ignorant of what is going on.

Photo by Bain News Service

Baron Ishiguro, the President of the Japanese Red Cross, is a quiet gentleman, a retired Surgeon-General of the Army

Before leaving home we had attempted to gather some knowledge of what the Japanese Red Cross was like. We knew vaguely of its career; of the great things that had been done in the wars with China and Russia; we had heard stories that Japan had succeeded in preventing enteric fever and the diseases which most countries suffer from in war. Many tales have been told of the efficiency of their medical staff; the perfection of their sanitary arrangements; and the real effectiveness of their whole organization; but it was something of a surprise to find that the Society had nearly two million members; that it has been actively at work for over thirty years improving and perfecting its buildings, hospitals, and storehouses in various parts of the Empire. In 1916 it had come to a position which was unique at that time among the Red Cross associations of the world—larger membership, very perfect organization, many things undertaken, and the ability to face any emergency, whether war or civil relief, with a seriousness of preparation quite beyond the work of other societies of its kind, as well befitted a society which had gone through the fire of two great wars.

It is interesting to look for a moment from Japan's eyes as they see the rise of their vigorous sister, The American Red Cross. Less than two years ago they knew that the Washington Headquarters counted among its members perhaps 50,000; they had the greatest admiration and friendliness for the spirit shown by The American Red Cross, and ex-

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At the main hospital of the Red Cross — the nurses learning Japanese etiquette

The Japanese Red Cross Hospital for the Department of Akita

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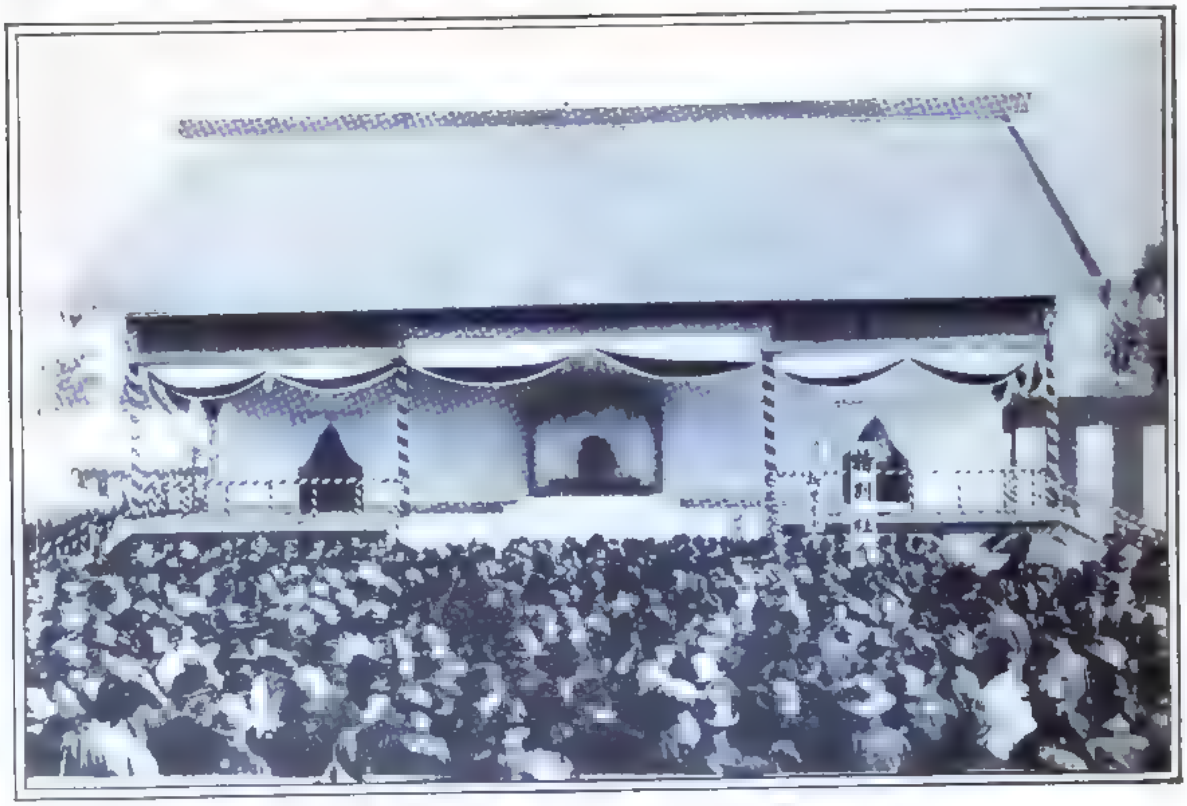
The "Kosai Maru" (Humanity), one of the two hospital ships belonging to the Japanese Red Cross



A general meeting of the Japanese Red Cross at Tokyo

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The Japanese Red Cross Hospital for the Department of Mié

The Japanese Red Cross Hospital for the Department of Ehimé

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changed many messages with President Taft, with Miss Boardman, and with the American officials from time to time. Quite suddenly, and with little warning, they heard that the membership had risen to 1,000,000. Only a few months later it was said that The American Red Cross had 5,000,000 members. The news came, also, that we had raised in a week $100,000,000; and they were asking themselves and visitors from America how it was possible that such magic growth could be accomplished, as it seemed to them, over night. During their years of growth and effort they had developed a machine which worked smoothly and powerfully. By what means had an organization of so much greater volume been brought together without all this preliminary work running through the years? This they could not understand.

Your Field Representative arrived in Tokyo early in January, and nearly froze to death. He had always heard of Japan as a land of blossoms and found it uncommonly cold. When he had his first conference with the Japanese officials, he had in his pocket a cable saying that the Christmas drive had increased the membership 16,000,000, bringing the total up to 22,000,000. The American who travels in the Orient, one notices, is not entirely able to overcome the national habit of indulging in the fine old American indoor sport of bragging. With a cablegram imparting this glorious news it was difficult to retain the modest demeanor which should be the first essential of a representative from a Western land. We realized this, and decided that we would not yield to this temptation of bragging, but we failed.

A little later we attended a most delightful and charming Red Cross tea and were presented to the Princesses; and here, again, we knew that it was important that we maintain that modesty for which our country should be famous, and we agreed that we would say nothing to indicate that we were proud of the latest achievements of The American Red Cross. But again we failed.

It is hard to get people to read statistics, but since some have been given already, it will do us good to turn for a minute to the history of the institution built up by our Oriental friends—which is issued in attractive bulletins, each bulletin covering several years. The volumes are five in number, printed in English, and charmingly and quaintly written. They tell the story of the Red Cross achievements running back to 1885; and describe the building up of the idea, through the war with Russia and the war with China; of the relations with the United States and the American nurses who went to help out in those times of misery in Japan and Russia, as they have gone to help in Belgium and France. These nurses were offered payment for their services by the War Department, which one is proud to see was returned to Japan, with the explanation that they had come to help without pay. You find here the record of the beginning of the plan to stamp out tuberculosis, the relief of prisoners, and all the familiar things which we are struggling through to-day and which Japan went through years ago.

But to get over these statistics; the latest figures may not appear to be so great in comparison with the situation which exists in this world war; but it is right to remember that the numbers mentioned refer to a time when Japan was far removed from the battlefield. Still we read of two splendid hospital ships, named *Hakuai Maru* (Philanthropy) and *Kosai Maru* (Humanity), of 126 relief detachments consisting of trained nurses and trained assistants; of 197 physicians organized and working; of 330 head nurses; of 5,000 trained nurses and their attendants; of surgical instruments in proper units ready for immediate use in the storehouses all over Japan, with bandages, hospital appliances, stretchers, ambulances, etc. Then there are naval hospitals and military hospitals, and stories of what The Japanese Red Cross has contributed in bandages, in drugs and medical supplies of various kinds to their Allies, even to 10,000 pounds of Japanese tea sent to the Italian Red Cross Society.

Another one of their activities is taking care of what they call the natural calamities; viz., the earthquakes and fires and disasters. Of these, in 1916 alone there were 146, the patients numbering nearly 3,000; and although possibly it is not exclusively a work of the Red Cross Society, Japan shows a forehandedness which may well be studied by the rest of the world. As everyone knows, Japan is an earthquake country. The Scientific Department, which has for its aim in life forecasting earthquakes, has saved thousands of lives. The last great earthquake was foreseen before it had reached the height of its power, and 90,000 people were removed from the danger zone, with a loss of only a few lives. Had it occurred in

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almost any other country, it would have meant, the statisticians tell us, 30,000 deaths.

It is interesting to see how money was sent from our own national Red Cross in the cases of the famines in the northeast provinces of Japan. Some $500,000 was contributed then to relieve suffering. And in 1906 the reverse was the case, when forty-eight provinces of Japan and Formosa sent for the relief of the stricken people in San Francisco the sum of over 315,000 yen [a yen is equivalent to 49½ cents in American money], which was acknowledged by The American Red Cross at that time.

Their quiet effectiveness, brought about without stress or strain, or any sign of rush or hurry, deeply impresses one in the study of the Japanese and their institution. Their membership campaigns are not so different from ours. The annual membership is 3 yen, or $1.50; then there is a life membership of 25 yen, or $12.50; for 1,000 yen, or $500, one becomes a special member; and for every class there are beautiful decorations indicating one's standing. Honorary memberships are given for special services, and are presented by the Council. The President and Vice-President are appointed by His Majesty, the Emperor, whose interest in the affairs of the Society is very great. Foreigners, too, are welcomed, and pay suitable dues, and the form of membership application says: "As I am in sympathy with the philanthropical principles of your Society, I beg to offer myself as a member." In one of the reports one reads of a chapter effort to gain members in Manchuria which sounds almost like an American "drive," where many Chinamen were admitted to membership. Almost all, if not all, of the officers have had some governmental position, and the whole institution is closely connected with the War Department.

Perhaps most interesting of all is the fact that they welcome the idea of co-operating with us. They are already beginning to send over supplies to the Front, not only direct, but through our organization—which the President modestly says in a letter amount, to use an old Japanese proverb, to "Less than a hair out of nine cows." Baron Ishiguro adds: "I feel as if I am working with you in the same room for the same cause of humanity. . . The spirit of the Red Cross has no boundary of State, neither has it any religious prejudice, nor any racial distinction."

The Prayer of the Bell

"There's a little town about sixty miles south of Birmingham on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad called Verbena. The town is well named. It is redolent of the old-fashioned Southern flower. It is peopled by simple farmer folk. Some substantial citizens of Montgomery keep summer homes there. There are few sounds about the place. An occasional mule team rattles down a red clay road drawing an empty wagon to the general stores, or bumps pleasantly back toward the Chilton County hills. Occasionally a gentle wind causes the leaves of the oak trees that shade the town to sigh one of those sighs of content that men breathe after a good meal or a good sermon or a well rendered piece of music. It's as peaceful a place as can be found in Alabama or any other part of the world. It seems modelled after Goldsmith's 'Sweet Auburn.'

"There's a new sound there now. It is the Angelus of Strife. It calls the people of Verbena not only to worship, but to deeds. Every afternoon at six o'clock the bell of the Verbena church rings. It continues to ring for two minutes, and while its brazen song is lifted the people of Verbena stand and pray. When the sound begins the observance of its call is universal. Men halt in the street. Wagons are pulled up on the road. Women rise from their knitting or pause in their cookery—for they have early suppers in Verbena. The plowman halts his work and each repeats the prayer. Verbena calls it 'The Prayer of the Bell,' and it is said that men who have never been known to pray before, answer its call dutifully. With heads uncovered and bowed, each man, each woman, each child, each saint and each sinner repeat these words:—

'God bless our President, our Soldiers, our Nation, and guide them to Victory.'"

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The Red Cross Spirit Speaks

Words by JOHN H. FINLEY

Music by HORATIO PARKER

In moderate martial time.
f
1. Wher - ev - er war with its red woes, Or
2. I kneel be - hind the sol - dier's trench, I
3. I go wher - ev - er men may dare, I
flood, or fire, or fam - ine goes, There, too, go I; If
walk mid sham - bles' smear and stench, The dead I mourn; I
go wher - ev - er wo - man's care And love can live, Wher -
earth in an - y quar - ter quakes Or pes - ti-lence its rav - age makes,
bear the stretch-er and I bend O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
ev - er strength and skill can bring Sur - cease to hu - man suf - fer - ing,
ff
Thith - er I fly.....
What shells have torn.....
Or so - lace give.....

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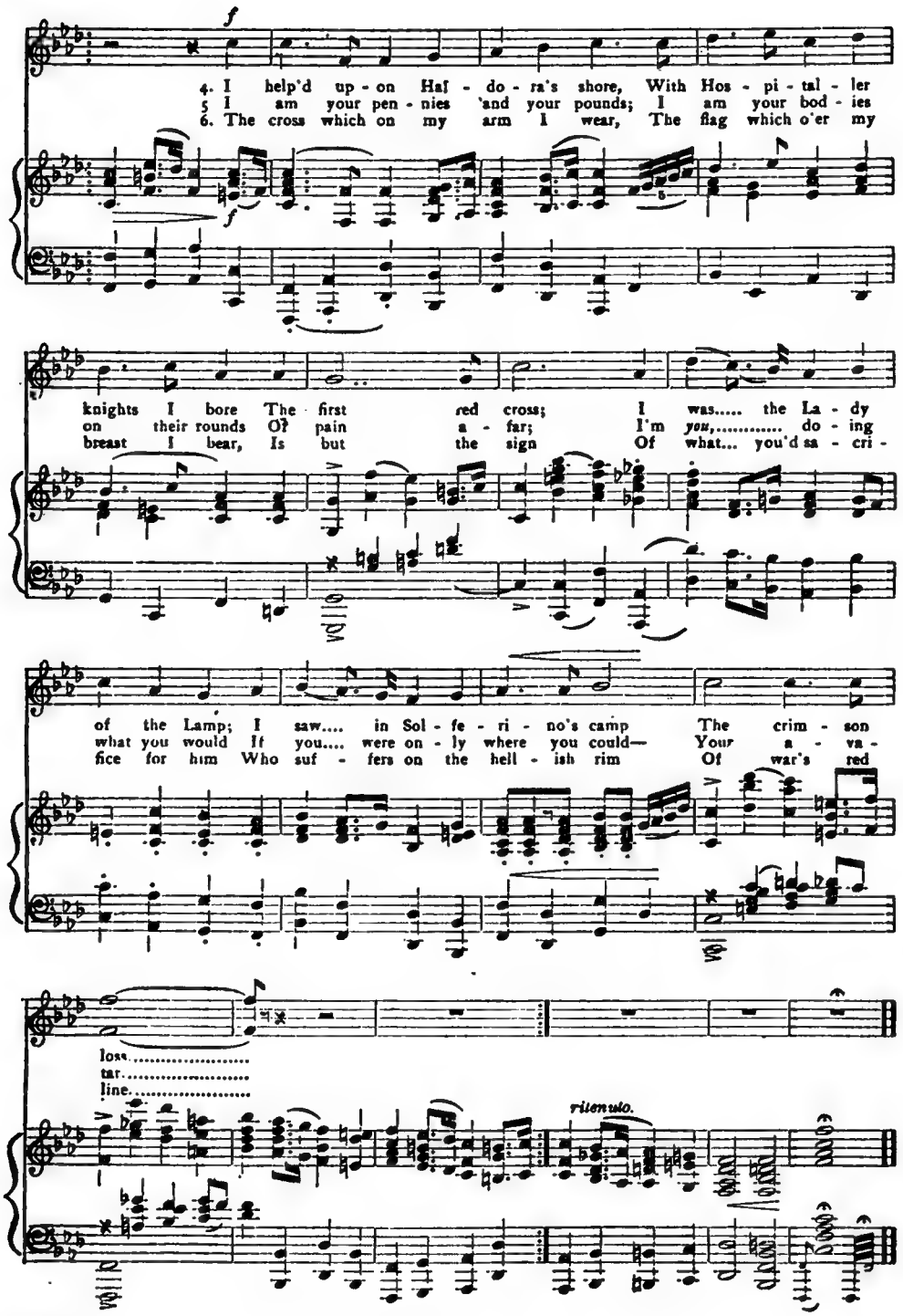
The Red Cross Spirit Speaks


4. I help'd up - on Haf - do - ra's shore, With Hos - pi - tal - ler
5 I am your pen - nies 'and your pounds; I am your bod - ies
6. The cross which on my arm I wear, The flag which o'er my
knights I bore The first red cross; I was..... the La - dy
on their rounds Of pain a - far; I'm you,..... do - ing
breast I bear, Is but the sign Of what... you'd sa - cri -
of the Lamp; I saw.... in Sol - fe - ri - no's camp The crim - son
what you would If you.... were on - ly where you could— Your a - va -
fice for him Who suf - fers on the hell - ish rim Of war's red
loss.....
tar.....
line.....
ritenuto.

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Quick Work

Ricky-Ticky—in his airplane—encounters three Huns

By Boyd Cable

Author of "Between the Lines," "Action Front," etc.

Illustrated by JOHN O. TODAHL

IT IS difficult, if not indeed impossible, to convey in words what is perhaps the most breath-catching wonder of air-fighting work, the furious speed, the whirling rush, the sheer rapidity of movement of the fighting machines, and the incredible quickness of a pilot's brain, hand, and eye to handle and manœuvre a machine, and aim and shoot a gun under these speed conditions. I can only ask you to try to remember that a modern fast scout is capable of flying at well over a hundred miles an hour on the level, and at double that (one may not be too exact) in certain circumstances, and that in such a fight as I am going to try to describe here the machines were moving at anything between these speeds. If you can bear this in mind, or even realize it—I am speaking to the non-flying reader—you will begin to understand what airmen-o'-war work is, to believe what a pilot once said of air fighting: "You don't get time to think. If you stop to think, you're dead."

When the flight of half a dozen scout machines was getting ready to start on the usual "offensive patrol" over Hunland, one of the pilots, "Ricky-Ticky" by popular name, had some slight trouble with his engine. It was nothing much, a mere reluctance to start up easily, and since he did get her going before the flight was ready to take off, he naturally went up with it. He had a little more trouble in the upward climb to gain a height sufficient for the patrol when it crossed the line to stand the usual respectable chance of successfully dodging the usual "Archie" shells.

Ricky, however, managed to nurse her up well enough to keep his place in the formation, and was still in place when they started across the lines. Before they were far over Hunland he knew that his engine was missing again occasionally, and was not pulling as she ought to, and from a glance at his indicators and a figuring of speed, height, and engine revolutions was fairly certain that he was going almost full out to keep up with the other machines, which were flying easily and well within their speed.

This was where he would perhaps have been wise to have thrown up and returned to his 'drome. He hung on in the hope that the engine would pick up again—as engines have an unaccountable way of doing—and even when he found himself dropping back out of place in the formation he still stuck to it and followed on. He knew the risk of this; knew that the straggler, the lame duck, the unsupported machine is just exactly what the Hun flyer is always on the look out for; knew, too, that his Flight-Commander before they had started had warned him (seeing the trouble he was having to start up) that if he had any bother in the air or could not keep place in the formation to pull out and return. Altogether, then, the trouble that swooped down on him was his own fault, and you can blame him for it if you like. But if you do you'll have to blame a good many other pilots who carry on, and in spite of the risk, do their best to put through the job they are on. He finally decided—he looked at the clock fixed in front of him to set a time and found it showed just over one minute to twelve—in one minute, at noon exactly, if his engine had not steadied down to work, he would turn back for home.

At that precise moment—and this was the first warning he had that there were Huns

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about—he heard a ferocious rattle of machine-gun fire, and got a glimpse of streaking flame and smoke from the tracer bullets whipping past him. The Huns, three of them and all fast fighting scouts, had seen him coming, had probably watched him drop back out of place in the flight, had kept carefully between him and the sun so that his glances round and back had failed to spot them in the glare, and had then dived headlong on him, firing as they came.

They were coming down on him from astern and on his right side, or, as the Navals would put it, on his starboard quarter, and they were perhaps a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards off when Ricky first looked round and saw them. His first and most natural impulse was to get clear of the bullets that were spitting round and over him, and in two swift motions he had opened his engine full out, thrust his nose a little down, and was off full pelt. Promptly the three astern swung a little, opened out as they wheeled, dropped their noses, and came after Ricky, still a little above him, and so fairly astern that only the centre one could keep a sustained accurate fire on him. (A scout's gun being fixed and shooting between the blades of the propeller—gun and engine being synchronized so as to allow the bullet to pass out as the blade is clear of the muzzle—means that the machine itself must be aimed at the target for the bullets to hit, and two outer machines of the three could only so aim their machines by pointing their noses to converge on the centre one—a risky manoeuvre with machines traveling at somewhere about a hundred miles an hour.)

But the fire of that centre one was too horribly close for endurance, and Ricky knew that although his being end-on made him the smaller target, it also made his machine the more vulnerable to a raking shot which, piercing him fore and aft, could not well fail to hit petrol tank, or engine, or some other vital spot. He could do nothing in the way of shooting back, because, being a single-seater scout himself, his two guns were trained one to shoot straight forward through the propeller, the other, mounted on the top plane on a curved mount which allowed the gun to be grasped by the handle above his head and pulled back and down, to shoot from direct ahead to straight up? Neither could shoot backward.

Ricky, the first shock of his surprise over, had gauged the situation, and this, it must be admitted, was dangerous if not desperate. He had dropped back and back from the flight, until now they were something like a mile ahead of him. A mile, it is true, does not take a modern machine long to cover, but then, on the other hand, neither does an air battle take long to fight, especially with odds of three to one. With those bullets sheeting past him and already beginning to rip and crack through his wings, any second might see the end of Ricky. It was no use thinking longer of running away, and even a straight-down nose-dive offered no chance of escape, both because the Huns could nose-dive after him and continue to keep him under fire, and because he was well over Hunland, and the nearer he went to the ground the better target he would make for the anti-aircraft gunners below. He must act, and act quickly.

A thousand feet down and a quarter of a mile away was a little patch of cloud. Ricky swerved, dipped, and drove "all out" for it. He was into it—400 yards remember—in about the time it takes you to draw three level quiet breaths, and had flashed through it—five or six hundred feet across it might have been—in a couple of quick heart-beats. The Huns followed close, and in that half-dozen seconds Ricky had something between fifty and a hundred bullets whizzing and ripping past and through his wings. As he leaped clear of the streaming wisps of the cloud's edge he threw one look behind him and pulled the joy-stick hard in to his stomach. Instantly his machine reared and swooped up in the loop he had decided on, up and over and round. At the first upward *zoom* Ricky had pulled down the handle of his top gun and brought it into instant action. The result was that as he shot up and over in a perfect loop the centre machine, which had been astern of him flashed under and straight through the stream of his bullets.

Ricky whirled down in the curve of his loop with his gun still shooting, but now that he had finished his loop and flattened out, shooting up into the empty air while his enemy hurtled straight on and slightly downward ahead of him. Instantly Ricky threw his top gun out of action, and having now reversed positions, and having his enemy ahead, steadied his machine to bring his bow gun sights to bear on her. But before he could fire he saw the hostile's left upper plane twist upward, saw the machine spin side on, the top

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"Before he could fire he saw the hostile's left upper plane twist and flare fiercely back and upward, the lower plane buckle

plane rip and flare fiercely back and upward, the lower plane buckle and break, and the machine turning over and over plunge down and out of his sight. One of his bullets evidently had cut some bracing wires or stays, and the wing had given to the strain upon it. So much Ricky just had time to think, but immediately found himself in a fresh danger.

The two remaining hostiles had flashed past him at the same time as the centre one, while he threw his loop over it, but realizing apparently on the instant what his manœuvre was, they both swung out and round while he passed in his loop over the centre machine. It was smart work on the part of the two flanking hostiles. They must have instantly divined Ricky's dodge to get astern of them all, and their immediate circle out and round counteracted it, and as he came out of his loop brought them circling in again on him. In an instant Ricky was suddenly roused to the fresh danger by two following short bursts of fire which flashed and flamed athwart him, and caught a glimpse of the other two closing in and again astern of him and "sitting on his tail."

Both were firing as they came, and again Ricky felt the sharp rip and crack of explosive bullets striking somewhere on his machine, and an instant later knew the two were following him and hailing lead upon him. He cursed savagely. He had downed one enemy, but here apparently he was little if any better off with two intact enemies in the worst possible position for him, "on his tail," and both shooting their hardest. A quick glance ahead showed him the white glint of light on the wheeling wings of his flight, attracted by the rattle of machine guns, circling and racing to join the fight.

But, fast as they came, the fight was likely

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upward, saw the machine spin side on, the top plane rip and break, and the machine plunge down and out of sight"

to be over before they could arrive, and with the crack and snap of bullets about him and his own two guns powerless to bear on the enemy, it looked uncomfortably like odds on the fight ending against him. Another loop they would expect and follow over—and the bullets were crippling him every instant. Savagely he threw his controls over, and his machine slashed out and down to the right in a slicing two-hundred-foot side-slip.

The right-hand machine whirled past him so close that he saw every detail of the pilot's dress—the fur-fringed helmet, dark goggles, black sweater. He caught his machine out of her downward slide, drove her ahead, steadied her, and brought his sights to bear on the enemy a scant twenty yards ahead, and poured a long burst of fire into her. He saw the streaking flashes of his bullets pouring about and over her top planes, dipped his muzzle a shade, and saw the bullets break and play on and about the pilot and fuselage. Then came a leaping flame, and a spurt of black smoke whirling out from her; Ricky had a momentary glimpse of the pilot's agonized expression as he glanced wildly around, and next instant saw a trailing black plume of smoke and the gleam of a white underbody as the enemy nose-dived down in a last desperate attempt to make a landing before his machine dissolved in flames about him.

With a sudden burst of exultation Ricky realized his changed position. A minute before he was in the last and utmost desperate straits, three fast and well-armed adversaries against his single hand. Now, with two down, it was man to man—no, if he wished, it was all over, because the third hostile had swung left, had her nose down, and was "hare-ing" for home and down toward the covering fire of

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the German anti-aircraft batteries. Already she was two to three hundred yards away, and the first German Archie soared up and burst with a rending "Ar-r-rgh" well astern of him. But Ricky's blood was up and singing songs of triumph in his ears. Two out of three downed; better make clean job of it and bag the lot.

His nose dipped and his tail flicked up, and he went roaring down, full out, after his last Hun. A rapid crackle of one machine gun after another struck his ear before ever he had the last hostile fully centred in his sights. Ricky knew that at last the flight had arrived and were joining in the fight. But he paid no heed to them; his enemy was in the ring of his sight now, so with his machine hurling down at the limit of speed of a falling body plus all the pull of a hundred and odd horse-power, the whole fabric quivering and vibrating under him, the wind roaring past and in his ears, Ricky snuggled closer in his seat, waited till his target was fully and exactly centred in his sights, and poured in a long, clattering burst of fire.

The hostile's slanting nose-dive swerved into a spin, an uncontrolled side-to-side plunge, back again into a spinning dive that ended in a straight-downward rush and a crash end on into the ground.

Whether it was Ricky or some other machine of the flight that got this last hostile will never be known. Ricky himself officially reported having crashed two, but declined to claim the third as his. On the other hand, the rest of the flight, after and always, with enthusiastic unanimity, insisted that she was Ricky's very own, that he had outplayed, outfought, and killed three Huns in single combat with them —one down and t'other come on. If Ricky himself could not fairly and honestly claim all rights to the last Hun, the flight did. "*Three!*" they said vociferously in mess that night, and would brook no modest doubts from him.

And to silence all doubts the squadron poet composed a song which was sung by the mess with a fervor and a generous slurring over of faulty metre (a word the poet didn't even know the meaning of) that might have stirred the blood of a conscientious objector. It was entitled, "Three Huns Sat on his Tail," and was sung to the tune of "There were Three Crows sat on a Tree," or, as the uninitiated may prefer, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and it detailed the destruction of the Huns one by one, verse by verse.

There were three Huns sat on his tail,
Hurrah, hurrah!
But he looped over one and gave him "Hail
Colum-bia-a!"
He shot up the Hun so full of lead
That before he knew he was hit, he was dead,
And our Archie look-out reporting said;
Hurrah—CR-R-R-ASH!

When I tell you it was sung chanty fashion, with the "Hurrah" and "Crash" lines chorused by the mess, I can leave you to imagine the loud-pedal, full fortissimo effect of the "Hurrahs," and (helped out with feet, with fists, spoons, and anything else handy to resound upon the table) of the final rolling "Cr-r-r-ash."

But all this was later, and is going a little ahead of the story. As the last Hun went reeling down, Ricky, in the official language of the combat reports, "rejoined formation and continued the patrol." He pulled the stick toward him and rose buoyantly, knowing that he was holed over and over again, that bullets, and explosive bullets at that, had ripped and rent and torn the fabrics of his machine, possibly had cut away some strut or stay or part of the frame. But his engine appeared to be all right again, had never misbehaved a moment during the fight, was running now full power and blast; his planes swept smooth and steady along the wind levels, his controls answered exactly to his tender questioning touch. He had won out. He was safe, barring accident, to land back in his own 'drome; and there were two if not three Huns down on his brazen own within the last—how long?

At the moment of his upward *zoom* on the conclusion of the fight he glanced at his clock, could hardly believe what it told him, was only convinced when he recalled that promise to himself to turn back at the end of that minute, and had his belief confirmed by the flight's count of the time between their first hearing shots and their covering the distance to join him. His clock marked exactly noon. The whole fight, from the firing of the first shot to the falling away of the last Hun, had taken bare seconds over the one minute. That pilot was right; in air fighting "you don't get time to think."

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Henri Dunant: Founder of the Red Cross

By Charles Downer Hazen

Author of "Europe Since 1815," "The French Revolution and Napoleon Bonaparte," &c.

CHARLES D. HAZEN is a lecturer in history at Columbia and Johns Hopkins universities. His book "Europe Since 1815," with its clear and vivid account of historical events leading up to the present Great War, places him among the distinguished writers of history. It is a real achievement to have produced a work so popular and widely circulated, yet sound in scholarship and brilliant in style.

Mr. Hazen has searched all available sources in preparing this sketch of Henri Dunant, the man whose vision and years of work lead to the Geneva Convention and the founding of the Red Cross.

ON June 24, 1859, was fought one of the greatest engagements of the nineteenth century and one of the most decisive in its consequences, the battle of Solferino. From the battle of Waterloo in 1815 to the Crimean war of 1854 Europe had known a surcease from the deadly clash of arms. This long and unusual period of peace had lulled her into a false sense of security and had given rise to an opinion, entertained by larger and larger numbers of men, that peace would continue indefinitely, that the immemorial tradition of the race of settling its disputes by the primitive and hateful appeal to force was at last broken and that mankind would henceforth move forward upon a broader and broadening avenue of progress without exacting so costly a toll in human lives.

There were, it is true, features in the history of these intervening years calculated to jostle roughly the deepening complacency of the times, to disturb the placid optimism of a generation exempt from the sufferings and sacrifices so liberally exacted of its predecessors. Ugly insurrections had occurred during the interval, in Italy and Spain, in the Balkan peninsula and in the Netherlands, but these had passed without igniting a general conflagration.

The vast and varied convulsions of 1848 had come and then had swiftly passed, leaving few traces behind them in comparison with the noise they had made, and they, too, had widened out into no international warfare such as the ages of Louis XIV, of Frederick the Great, of Napoleon, indeed such as most ages of the race, had known. The melancholy progress of humanity from one battlefield to another, the interminable procession of wars from century to century, the one apparently stable fact of life—all this seemed to many of the finer spirits of the time, to be finally relegated to the dreary limbo of the discarded and the discredited, seemed a bad dream, now happily outlived.

Never were optimists more mistaken, never was an amiable illusion more speedily and ruthlessly dispelled. Men had, unawares, pitched their tent upon a volcano, and not one that was extinct. Cracks and crannies began finally to appear and soon the entire volcano, which was Europe, was in travail and convulsion. The idyllic dream of peace was over and once more Mars held high carnival among men, playing havoc with their ordered, busy lives, mocking their aspirations and their hopes, scattering Utopias like chaff.

The years between 1859 and 1871 witnessed a series of great and shattering wars, out of which emerged the present Kingdom of Italy and the German Empire. These wars were not universal but they involved the leading continental powers, Austria, Prussia, France, and the Italian states. The series was begun

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by the brief campaign in northern Italy in 1859. Austria had sent an ultimatum to Piedmont whose conduct, under the bold and brilliant leadership of Cavour, she did not like. Piedmont was supported by France and thus the struggle was on fairly even terms. The war started the unification of Italy upon its prosperous way. It was a brief war, characterized by two battles, that of Magenta, June 4, and that of Solferino, June 24.

THE THREE EMPERORS' BATTLE

Solferino is located a few miles south of Lake Garda. The battle to which it gave its name raged over a territory about twelve miles from north to south and six miles from east to west, a territory diversified by a succession of hills with intervening valleys, and studded by a number of little villages and many farmsteads with massive stone buildings, like those on the field of Waterloo, serving as improvised forts and pivotal points around which the bitter combat raged. Here, amid the vines and mulberry trees and over fields where the corn stood higher than the tallest soldiers, fought, all day long, the largest armies Europe had seen since the battle of Leipsic of 1813, called the "Battle of All the Nations." France and Piedmont brought into action 138,000 men, under the supreme command of Napoleon III and Victor Emmanuel. Their artillery numbered 366 pieces, and they had 108 squadrons of cavalry. The Austrians, under the command of the young Emperor Francis Joseph, numbered 129,000 men and had 429 cannon and 80 squadrons of horse. The Allies had therefore a slight advantage in the number of troops while the Austrians had a great advantage in position and were also superior in artillery.

On both sides the battle was unexpected. Though these 270,000 men bivouacked close to each other on the night of the 23d, though their outposts were less than five miles apart, yet so poor was the scouting and information service of each army that each was unaware of the proximity of the other. The two armies unsuspectingly stumbled upon each other and only after several hours of fighting at scattered points did the magnitude and range of the conflict in which they were involved dawn upon them. On account of the great heat of the season the French had made an early start that day. They had breakfasted at two o'clock in the morning and had then begun their march toward the dawn. By six some of them were fighting and by eight o'clock the battle raged at half a dozen places. The French had been on their feet for six hours whereas most of the Austrians were fresh, having just finished their breakfast or having only begun to move. Napoleon III did not leave his headquarters, far in the rear, until seven o'clock, Francis Joseph did not leave his until nine.

All day long, under the terrific, suffocating heat of June, the gigantic struggle went on among the hills and ravines, and, to the southeast, in the open. On neither side was there any general direction, each corps commander fighting his own fight as best he could. Only when the battle had been long under way was any concerted plan enforced. Marshal Niel on the side of the French, Benedek on the side of the Austrians, stood out conspicuously for their part in the general mêlée. Neither Napoleon III, nor Francis Joseph, nor Victor Emmanuel made any display of military ability, only of personal bravery. It was a soldiers' fight and prodigies of valor and miracles of endurance were performed by heroes whose names have not reached posterity. The struggle was obstinate. The capture of the central height of Solferino seemed impossible, yet it was in the end accomplished by the French, reckless of the cost, straining every nerve.

THE FRENCH WIN

At half past four in the afternoon a terrific summer tempest broke over the ravaged field, first clouds of dust, then torrential rains, and with the rain came hail. On both sides the soldiers sought what cover they could find. Rendered almost frantic by thirst they could at least moisten their parched lips. When the storm had passed the Austrians were seen to be retreating. The French were in no condition to pursue. They had been marching or fighting for fourteen hours. Few of them had had anything to eat since their breakfast at two o'clock.

Napoleon on the following day created Niel a Marshal of France. But, visiting several parts of the battlefield, he was horror stricken at what he saw. His losses were enormous. Seventeen thousand of the Allies were killed, wounded or missing, twenty-two thousand of the Austrians. Napoleon had, the evening before, telegraphed the Empress Eugénie

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"Henri Dunant, whose name is still almost unknown, was in a very real sense the founder of the Red Cross"

"Great battle—great victory." Now he saw the hideous meaning of victory. The sight of the dead, and more terrible, the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying who were lying by the thousands unattended, uncared for, under the broiling sun, affected him profoundly. "The poor people, the poor people, what a horrible thing is war," he was heard to say more than once at Solferino. Francis Joseph, too, like Napoleon III was horrified. "Better lose a province," he said, "than be present again at so awful a spectacle."

But far more deeply and durably affected than their imperial majesties by the horrors of the scene, by the aftermath of agony, physical and mental, by the hellish havoc wrought upon one of the fairest regions of Italy, was a young Swiss, a native of Geneva, Henri Dunant, whose name should be a household word but who, owing to capricious fortune, is generally

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unknown. You will not find his name in most encyclopedias and, if you do, you will find little to suggest that he was one of the really great and effective humanitarians of the nineteenth century whose life was of incalculable service to mankind, in a very real sense the founder of the Red Cross.

Henri Dunant was born in 1828. A young man of fortune, in the early summer of 1859 he set out from Geneva on a pleasure trip through northern Italy. Hiring an Italian cabriolet and driver he was proceeding leisurely on his way, when, on that June day on which the battle of Solferino, was fought, he found himself in the vicinity of that sanguinary conflict. Unlike the ordinary tourist he did not flee from the scene but he stayed and explored the field to see if he could be of service to his fellow men. Never was the need for aid more imperative and rarely has it been more inadequately supplied.

THE GHASTLY BATTLEFIELD

For a week or ten days Dunant played the part of the Good Samaritan, wandering far and wide over the battlefield to help the wounded and passing from one improvised hospital to another upon the same errand. The scenes that he witnessed during that harrowing week, scenes of appalling, excruciating, and to some extent, at least, needless suffering and woe made so profound and ineffaceable an impression upon him that the poignant memory of it all was for years his grim companion and his spur to action. Three years after the battle he published the record of these painful impressions in a little volume of a hundred and fifteen pages, entitled "*Un Souvenir de Solférino*," a book destined to have an influence in the world, altogether out of proportion to its size but commensurate with the weighty message that it carried. Altogether unique memoirs. Never, it is safe to say, did any tourist bring home sadder or more poignant recollections from his travels, and never did any tourist give a more faithful and moving transcript of his experiences.

This little book is a classic in the literature of humanitarianism. From the point of view of style nothing could be more admirable. It is a gem of the art of simple, unaffected, eloquent narrative. The eloquence does not consist in any rhetorical or literary artifice, in any self-conscious elaboration of effects, in anything that resembles the purple patch. The use of adjectives is sparing, but happy and adequate, never exaggerated. The book is profoundly pathetic yet without any trace of mawkishness or sentimentality. It repictures the distressing scenes its author had witnessed, the activities of which he had been a part, with the objective detachment of a large-minded judge to whom nothing human is alien. It recounts Dunant's personal impressions, with no undue emphasis upon the personal. It attempts no history of the conflict, no account of the tactics employed. It is not an account of the battle but of the sufferings that came after the battle and because of it.

Dunant describes the heartrending agonies of the night of the 24th, the frenzied hunt for water by soldiers who had come through uninjured but whose thirst was so intense that they drank from muddy pools, filled with clotted blood; the cries that pierced the silence of the night of the wounded whom there were few to attend, cries always for water, cries full of indescribable anguish. "Who will ever be able to tell the agonies of that horrible night," he exclaims. "The sun of the 25th," he writes, "revealed one of the most frightful spectacles the imagination can conceive.

"The battlefield is everywhere covered with bodies of men and horses; the highways, the ditches, the ravines, thickets, and meadows are sown with dead bodies, and the environs of Solferino are literally heaped with them." But happy were the dead, for their sufferings were over. That they must have been intense or terrifying was abundantly manifest to Dunant.

MEAGRE HELP FOR THE WOUNDED

But it was with the half dead, the partly living, the wounded, smashed, shattered wrecks of the ghastly fray in whom however the vital spark was still active, that Dunant concerned himself particularly. The regular army medical service, good in quality, was totally inadequate to the problem. Neither in number of doctors or nurses nor in equipment of ambulances or medicines, could it begin to cope with the problem of the immediate, urgent relief of thousands and thousands of wounded. And in the overwhelming evidence of that inadequacy of existing agencies for an imperative necessity lay the lesson of that dreadful week for Dunant, lay implicit the message he was to give to the world, which subsequently worked to its incalculable benefit.

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Meissonier's famous painting of the Battle of Solferino. "Here fought all day long the largest armies Europe had seen since the Battle of Leipsic in 1813"

Every volunteer that would help would of course be needed. But volunteer service was unorganized and it was obviously impossible to improvise it. Those only could help who were there to help and who were willing to, as was Dunant.

For several days Dunant, with peasant women as volunteers, undertook the care of the wounded in Castiglione and neighboring villages. Churches, cloisters, barracks, were filled with the wounded, whose only bed was loose straw. Straw also was strewn in the streets and courtyards and squares above which planks or canvas were placed to protect from the fierceness of a tropical sun. Lamentable scenes occurred. There was now water and food and yet the wounded died of hunger and of thirst; there was now lint in abundance, yet not hands enough to apply it to the wounds. The confusion, the disorder, the lack of personnel, of nurses, aids, and servants, the panic of the sufferers, all contributed to the torment of the time. Many wounded were inevitably neglected. "Oaths, blasphemies, and cries which no form of expression can render, resound beneath the arches of the churches."

Dunant not only enlisted the assistance of peasant women; he also secured the aid of young girls whose kindliness and attention "raised a little the courage and the morale of the sick"; of boys, who brought water to stay the thirst or moisten the bandages. He gained other random recruits—"an old navy officer, then two English tourists who, wishing to see everything, entered the church and whom we seize and retain almost by force; two other Englishmen who, on the other hand, show themselves from the start anxious to help us, an Italian abbé, three or four travelers, a Parisian journalist" and others, some reliable, others not, some able, others unable, to endure long the sight of the suffering they could do so little to assuage.

Out of the observations and experiences of a crowded and heart-sickening week; out of the scenes of bitter, piteous, unavailing, distress a thought gradually crystallized in the mind of Dunant which was to be the germ of a great work of beneficence. He saw that the medical service of no army could ever be adequate to the demands of a great battle; he also saw that no sufficient service of relief could be improvised on the spot at the moment of emergency itself; and he also saw that volunteers thus suddenly enlisted showed, with the best of will, the greatest varieties and inequalities of fitness and of aptitude; he saw, too, that such volunteers were an uncertain reliance at best, that their powers of endurance were unequal, that some easily became tired or discouraged or were frightened away by contagious fevers or other dangers. As there were no signs that wars were soon to cease among men, it was wise to draw the obvious lessons of experience and prepare methodically, in times of peace, to meet the problems which wars inevitably bring.

The thought in Dunant's mind expressed

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itself in the form of a question: "May there not be some way, during a period of peace and tranquillity, of forming relief societies whose aim should be to help the wounded in time of war, by means of volunteers, zealous, devoted, and well qualified for such a work?"

Societies of this character, once constituted and their permanent existence assured, would, he said, naturally remain inactive in times of peace, but they would be fully organized for the eventuality of war; they would enjoy not only the good will of the authorities of the countries in which they were located, but they could, in the case of war, solicit from the rulers of the belligerent powers, permission and facilities that would enable them to carry on their work successfully.

It is curious to note that Dunant felt the need of showing that his plan was not chimerical, that devoted men and women could be found who would gladly enlist in such an enterprise. He cited, in favor of his contention that there were people who would be glad to brave all dangers and undergo all conceivable hardships in the desire to alleviate human suffering, Carlo Borromeo, archbishop of Milan who, when the pest broke out in Milan in 1576, defied the contagion and risked his life unhesitatingly in carrying aid and comfort to his fellow men; he cited also the example of Frederick Borromeo in 1627; of the Bishop Belsunce at Marseilles in 1720 and 1721; of John Howard who traversed all Europe on his mission of prison reform and died in 1790 in the Crimea of a fever contracted from attending a man stricken with the pest. Particularly did he mention Florence Nightingale, the "Angel of the Crimea" who night after night, week after week, month after month, made her rounds of mercy through the vast military hospitals, the sight of the little lamp she carried a veritable beacon of hope and comfort and relief to the sufferers she came to succor.

Dunant's book, "A Souvenir of Solferino," produced a profound impression. Appearing in 1862, it was widely read and several editions were quickly sold. It was speedily translated into several foreign languages. Men high in the governing and military circles of Europe were interested and some were enthusiastic over the ideas set forth. Dunant's success was, however, more than literary. For that he cared little, save as a means to a great end, Dunant had launched an idea destined to commend itself to wider and wider circles, to be seized and developed by an ever-growing multitude of men and women into the vast and impressive work of humane coöperation which we see to-day in the Red Cross.

Dunant was not content with having written a book. As a possible aid to the achievement of the end he had at heart he turned to a society in Geneva of which he was a member, "The Geneva Society of Public Utility,"

Photo Paul Thompson

NAPOLEON III VICTOR EMMANUEL II FRANCIS JOSEPH

France and Italy against Austria. All day long under the terrific, suffocating beat of June, the gigantic battle of Solferino went on. Napoleon III and Victor Emmanuel II won. Francis Joseph retreated—and Italy was unified

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which, at his suggestion, devoted its meeting of February 9, 1863, to a prolonged discussion of the advisability of forming such relief societies as he had advocated in his "Souvenir." The outcome of the debate was the appointment of a committee for a further and more thorough consideration of the question. The committee recommended that an international conference be called to study the problem. Invitations were sent out and Dunant sought to reinforce them by traveling over Europe enlisting the interest of rulers, military men, and philanthropists in various countries.

On October 26, 1863, thirty-six delegates assembled in Geneva to deliberate on Dunant's momentous proposition. Eighteen of these delegates were the semi-official representatives of foreign governments. The deliberations lasted four days and were characterized by an entirely sympathetic attitude toward the project. But the eighteen government representatives had no power to bind their governments and the other members had only such influence as their ability or reputation gave them. It was desirable to have an assembly called with power to act.

Photo Paul Thompson

Alfred Nobel: the great manufacturer of high explosives, who founded the Nobel peace prizes. One half of the first award was given to Henri Dunant in his old age

Consequently, on June 6, 1864, the Federal Council of Switzerland issued an invitation to all the states of Europe and to some of America to send delegates with full powers to Geneva.

On the 8th of August of that year sixteen states, represented by twenty-six delegates, met in Geneva in response to this invitation. For fourteen days they were in session and the result of their deliberations was the famous Geneva Convention of 1864 to which eventually, between August 22, 1864, and July, 1907, fifty-four governments acceded. To carry out the Geneva Convention the International Red Cross Society was organized with headquarters at Geneva, with branches in all countries that accepted the Convention, and with an international flag—the Swiss flag with colors reversed.

Dunant's later life was inconspicuous. He lived on for nearly fifty years, dying at Heiden, a Swiss health resort overlooking the Lake of Constance. He was little known. His obscurity was in singular contrast to the world-wide fame that was the fortune of Florence Nightingale. He fell upon evil days. He lost his property which he had spent largely in good works. An attack of paralysis incapacitated him from work and he became for a while the recipient of charity. This man, whose efforts had set in motion forces that resulted in the signing of "the first international treaty of mercy" in the history of the world, as the Geneva Convention has been called, lived in obscurity, unknown, unsung.

Meanwhile another life was being lived in Europe which was to come into singular conjunction with Dunant's. Alfred Nobel, a Swedish chemist and engineer, was devoting himself to the study and manufacture of explosives of greater power than any then known, dynamite, nitro-glycerine, cordite. In the course of the years he amassed an immense fortune of which he made a unique disposition. Dying in 1896, it was found that the bulk of his property was left in trust for the establishment of five prizes each worth about forty thousand dollars, to be awarded annually, and entirely international in character, open to all the world. One of these prizes was to be given for eminence in physics, another for eminence in chemistry, another for service to medical science; a fourth was to be given to the author of the most remarkable work of literature "of an idealistic character" and the fifth

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to the person who had rendered the greatest service to the cause of international peace.

The prizes were awarded for the first time in 1901 and among the recipients was the hero of this story, Henri Dunant, whose services to humanity were thus appropriately and publicly acknowledged. In that year the peace prize was divided, one half going to Dunant, one half to Frederic Passy who had for half a century been laboring in the cause of the pacific adjustment of international disputes.

Thus forty years after the appearance of "A Souvenir of Solferino," the author found that his service was remembered and that the obscurity of the intervening years was, after all, unreal and illusory. It was a fortunate circumstance that the material conditions of his life were eased. Thus the manufacturer of the most powerful known agencies of war lightened the declining days of the modest and successful man who had given his life and spent his own fortune in the effort to relieve those horrors of war which were susceptible of relief. This is one of the happy and kindly ironies of history. When Dunant died, in 1910, he died as an honored benefactor of the race. His was the supreme satisfaction of knowing that his work would live on after him, that it had been incorporated in a great international institution which would survive as long as the world should need it.

Speaking of "Military Critics"

LUCIUS ÆMILIUS PAULUS, a Roman Consul, who had been selected to conduct the war with the Macedonians, B. C. 168, went out from the Senate-house into the assembly of the people and addressed them as follows:

IN EVERY circle, and, truly, at every table, there are people who lead armies into Macedonia; who know where the camp ought to be placed; what posts ought to be occupied by troops; when and through what pass Macedonia should be entered; where magazines should be formed; how provisions should be conveyed by land and sea; and when it is proper to engage the enemy, when to lie quiet. And they not only determine what is best to be done, but if any thing is done in any other manner than what they have pointed out, they arraign the consul, as if he were on his trial. . . . I am not one of those who think that commanders ought never to receive advice; on the contrary, I should deem that man more proud than wise, who did every thing of his own single judgment. What then is my opinion? That commanders should be counselled, chiefly, by persons of known talent; by those, especially, who are skilled in the art of war, and who have been taught by experience; and next, by those who are present at the scene of action, who see the country, who see the enemy; who see the advantages that occasions offer, and who, embarked, as it were, in the same ship, are sharers of the danger. If, therefore, any one thinks himself qualified to give advice respecting the war which I am to conduct, which may prove advantageous to the public, let him not refuse his assistance to the state, but let him come with me into Macedonia. He shall be furnished by me with a ship, a horse, a tent; and even with his travelling charges. But if he thinks this too much trouble, and prefers the repose of a city life to the toils of war, let him not, on land, assume the office of a pilot. The city, in itself, furnishes abundance of topics for conversation; let it confine its passion for talking, and rest assured that we shall be content with such councils as shall be framed within our camp."

Livy, Book V

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Helping the Hurt Ones Out of the Holes

By Emma Rayner

Author of "Visiting the Sin," a Kentucky mountain story

Illustrated by JOHN FROST

HE WAS six foot two in his stockings, without his thick, mountain shoes to add to his height. The overhanging boulders of the fording place achieved nothing in the way of dwarfing him. He looked as fully a part of the mountain scene as they, and every bit as staunch, as he sat almost in mid-stream, immobile, waiting for his horse to lift dripping lips from the deep pool into which his nostrils dipped. Twice he had forded the river and he would ford it again before he rode out into the valley town "down yander."

The rider was a mountaineer of the old type. He had been a fighter in his day, and he did not look upon his day as gone by. His fifty years pressed as lightly upon his head as the mists did upon the mountain top, far up from whence he had set out that morning. Rufe Rutherford was as strong and straight as his boy Ab, and "thar wasn't a man, on the mountain nor off hit, that could stand a good second to Ab."

A whole-hearted, stiff-necked sire of the Kentucky mountains was Rufe Rutherford. Everybody in the valley below knew what manner of man to expect when Rufe took a turn at affairs, either on his native hillside, or down in the valley town.

The nostrils of the horse dripped diamonds in the sunlight. The animal lifted its head and stepped into deep water, scrambled up the further bank with a foot as sure as that of a mountain goat, and turned at a sharp angle round great rocks to strike a level stretch across the mountain.

Rufe's eyes stared unseeingly across that bit of open hill.

"G'lang!"

The character of the descent had changed.

The rider left the method of carrying out his command to the sure-footed beast, paying no more attention to his course than if the way were not a zig-zag drop sheer down and down, now in, now out, with dripping ferns in the rock walls, and gaps that showed glimpses of the valley, and fresh, quick turns for a new descent.

At the bottom of that dip, horse and rider came out into the clear. On the left the road widened; on the right the mountain dropped away sharply, making it possible to hurl a stone straight into the valley beneath.

Rufe drew rein and looked down. Then he turned himself about and looked up. There was something peculiar in both glances. Rufe had ridden down that mountain path a thousand times. He had never ridden down with the feeling that pushed him on to-day.

After that long look upwards he turned, thrust a hand into his pocket, and drew out a paper. A sigh of wind swept valleyward. The horse twisted his neck to see what they were waiting for. Rufe paid no attention to either. He was reading a story in that opened magazine—a story without words. There *were* words below the picture, but Rufe had "no use for sich." His boyhood did not belong to the days of educational advantages. The gossip of the ravines and the crags and the wind swept summits—where mountain houses clung through attacks of winter storm and blazing summer sun, and bullet shots now and again by way of variety—was by word of mouth, and there was news from "down yander" if one wanted more. But to-day Rufe was reading—a story in a picture.

It was not hard to decipher. A rock, modest in height, but suggestive to the mountain-

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eer; a wounded soldier beneath the rock, a man bending over him in the act of drawing a bandage tight; a Red Cross conspicuous on the helper's arm; a group of men on the rock summit carrying a stretcher—Rufe needed no printer's type to help him read that story.

He had read it a dozen times before, and always with that same half-acknowledged fear, that attempt at reassurance, that protest against a repressed uneasiness.

The wounded soldier was a young man, not exactly like—and yet "Ab was out thar," and the boy who lay under the rock was strong limbed and strong faced, not unsuggestive of a Kentucky lad.

"Hit wasn't jest like Ab, but them that made the picture maybe didn't get it plumb right, and—Ab was out thar whar the fightin' was, and who could tell what them Tootins had been up to? Ab could beat 'em at straight fightin', but them heathens didn't fight straight. It was plain thar'd been a scrap betwixt 'em, and some pretty hard fightin'."

His eyes lifted from the picture and went out toward the ledge path, the environment to which Ab belonged.

"Hit hain't powerful certain that hain't Ab, and hit hain't powerful certain hit is," Rufe ejaculated.

He pushed the paper into his pocket, and rode down the mountain at a pace that took no account of steep grade. When he struck the valley he went straight on for a couple of miles, where two parallel steel rails cut their way between the hills. Here he came to a stop in front of a building close by the station.

The office he entered showed him a keen-eyed man writing at a desk.

"I'm wantin' to know whar I must go to find the head place whar the Red Crosses live."

The man at the desk glanced up. Then, his pen poised, he looked Rufe over doubtfully.

"The nearest training camp is—but no, you'd hardly be considered eligible——"

Rufe interrupted him impatiently.

"I hain't askin' whar thar's a trainin' camp. Them camps hain't nothin' to me. I hain't atter the fightin'. *He's* gone to attend to that—my boy Ab. He's out thar aimin' to larn them Tootins to fight straight. Hit's the Red Crosses I'm wantin'; them that he'ps the fellers out o' the holes, and stops the bleedin', and makes 'em into men agin. Whar can I find one o' them places?"

The man at the desk scratched his head—plainly in doubt.

"You wouldn't be a mite of use there. They don't want fighters."

Rufe glared at the speaker.

"I tell you I hain't atter the fightin'. I'm atter the he'pin'. Don't them Red Cross places want strong arms? Hain't them poor boys got to be lifted up out o' the mud? Don't they want heads that hain't turned at a bit of a steep rock? Don't they want men that's been fightin' all their lives, till they've fit all the fear out of 'em, and don't think no more of pickin' up a hurt man right whar the bullets is flyin' than they would if thar was shootin' up on their own mountain, maybe round their own houses? Hit's jest because I *am* a fighter that I'm aimin' to he'p. Why, man, them Tootins fight like varmints, they don't fight like men. Cain't I carry one o' them stretchers? Hain't I bigger and stronger than the men in that picture?"

He pulled the paper out of his pocket, thrust it under the nose of the man at the desk, and pointed a finger at the group of rescuers about to descend the rock.

"Them's all got the red crosses on their sleeves. Hain't the Red Crosses he'pin the boys that's down?"

"I guess they are. If they're not, there's nobody else to do it."

"That's what I'm atter, then. I want to he'p them Red Cross ones, and I'm aimin' to ride till I come to the headquarters whar they is, if I ride plumb into the sea."

The man at the desk laughed.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"Tell me how to find one o' them Red Crosses."

"One, eh? I guess we can oblige you with the sight of one of them right now."

He put his head inside a door near by his desk and spoke a few words in a low tone. Rufe heard a pleasant voice respond. Then the door opened and he saw a vision of a gentle faced woman in the garb of a Red Cross nurse. She was looking straight into his eyes.

Rufe did not know who she was, nor guess that her wealth and influence and personal labor had been long given to "he'pen the hurt ones out o' the holes," but he needed no one to tell him that he had found what he sought, that in some way he had come in contact with the headquarters of "the Red Crosses."

"You wanted to see me?"

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"See here, ma'am. That looks awful like Ab down thar. I'm wantin' to carry them poor fellers out o' danger. Hain't that what the Red Crosses is doin'?"

With an instinct of reverence the rough mountaineer bared his head.

"Yes," he said. "You-uns will understand. You-uns lives to he'p them that are down. I want to he'p you-uns."

"How?"

Once more the pictured story came from Rufe's pocket.

"Hit's them varmints o' Tootins. Why, ma'am, they don't know nothin' about fightin' like men. Thar ought to be some o' them missionary fellers sent to larn 'em somethin'. They're critters too plumb low down to know anything. They hide in holes like varmints and fire gas things and blazes at the other fellers. Thar's fightin' that's straight, and

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thar's fightin' like beasts. Why, ma'am, them Tootins is that low down that thar hain't a varmint I ever seed that wouldn't go starin' crazy at bein' put on a level with 'em. They kill old men and women, and cut the legs and arms off babes to scare the wits out o' their pappys and mammys. That hain't fightin'. That's the devils at play. That's what that is. And them poor fellers that's gone to larn 'em to fight straight—and they've got to be larned if hit takes all the mountain men in Kentucky to larn 'em—has got to meet them devils' tricks all the time. My boy Ab's gone. He's out thar."

"And you want—what?"

He came over to her.

"I'm wantin' to carry the he'p to the hurt ones down in the holes. See here, ma'am. That looks awful like Ab down thar. I hain't knowin' whether hit is or not. But I'm wantin' to he'p carry them poor fellers up out o' danger. Hain't that what the Red Crosses is doin'?"

"It is what we are banded together for," she said.

"I thought so. I want to he'p the he'pers. Hain't that right?"

She looked at him with a smile.

"Helping the hurt ones out of the holes!" His simple characterization of Red Cross aims and Red Cross work struck straight to her heart. She stretched out her hand impulsively. Rufe seized it in a grip that made the muscles ache.

"I hain't a weakling," he said. "Thar hain't one o' them stretcher fellers bigger nor stronger than me. Hit takes strong ones to he'p the others up."

Again her eyes went swiftly to his face. It *did* take strong ones to help the others up, strong hands and loving hands, and there was never a lack of them for the Red Cross work.

"You are right," she said softly. "If you wish, you shall go to headquarters and tell them—the Red Cross nurses, and the Red Cross helpers—tell them how, through all the land, men's hearts are stirring to help the hurt ones up. And whether or not they send you to the front——"

"Is the front over thar?" he asked, pointing to the picture.

"Yes."

"Whar my boy Ab's gone?"

"Where all the boys have gone. It's all front, and all fighting—and the wounded fall by the way, and the Red Cross service waits to help them up again."

He drew himself to his full stature.

"I'm atter gettin' thar as quick as I can," he said. "Tell me the way to headquarters. Me and my horse will start right now."

Sympathy

Written by a stoker on one of His Majesty's ships

The middle watch. A wicked night
With storm and driving sleet:
A grim destroyer fights her way
Through breaking seas and blinding spray,
Alert and ready for "The Day"
That's promised to our Fleet.

A gun's-crew standing by their gun
The spray completely drenches;
They stick it out—they do at sea,
And one man to his chum says he:
"What a cold, bitter night 't must be
For fellows in the trenches!"

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Real Letters

Human documents of personal experiences in the Great War

THE three letters below illustrate a long-cherished plan to print each month a selection of fresh personal letters from men and women in war service. *We want readers to send us unusual letters which they, or their friends may receive; vivid letters of actual experiences from those who are in Red Cross work or on duty in any field of war service; letters in which facts and human interest predominate.*

War Nights—From a Telegrapher's Dugout

HERE follow extracts from a letter written to an aunt in America by a young man, the son of a Norwegian father and an American mother, who went into the service of France.

It is dead of night! There is not a sound. I am sitting in my hermit's cell, a narrow place dug into the side of a hill; outside it is nature, nothing but nature. The occasional roar of a firing cannon, or the uncanny fluttering light of a rocket, filling the sky and earth with strange shadows and white visions of ghosts. Now and then a rifle shot jars on the air, or in the dark you hear the muffled tramp of feet, or the sound of whispering voices—that is war at peace, when war lies down in the dark and goes to sleep.

A few nights ago, this was the scene of battle, and an awful din raged around. Suddenly it broke out at a given time like a tempest on winds. It was black night, and the sky was like a quivering mass of innumerable quick flashes of diffused light. The earth seemed alive and poured forth demons that danced in the changing flashes of light. Long shadows never dreamed of suddenly uprose and went out. Trees became human, and then men, glimpses of whom you intermittently caught, seemed like devils at work on something infernal which they had let loose and could master no more. The din was intolerable. Who needed to speak had to scream and grew hoarse.

Afterward the din abated. The shells grew rarer and rarer, peace like a veil seemed gradually spreading over the world. The peace deepened. One remembered that in the sky there were stars, one felt the presence of trees, grass, and hills, as though all these had taken to flight when the storm grew and now were back again to breathe the midnight air.

Along a road that passes at my feet I heard the tramp of soldiers, the sound of voices in loud converse. These were the men who but an hour ago had led the attack, and now they were discussing, excited, all at the same time. It seemed the return of some men from a theatre party in the evening.

Then we could hear a strange sound, very low at first, it gradually grew and quivered on the air, then sank away with a long dying fall. It rose again and fell and rent the heart that heard it. Oh! the agony that was in that cry. Writing of it now it makes my flesh creep, and I would hide from it and thrust it away. All along the weary road I heard it—. It made the whole night a misery and the wind moaned because of that wounded, dying man.

In my hermit's cell there is a stove, a table, two bunks, one above the other, and electric light, books, food and my telegraphic instruments—outrageous impudent rats, a comrade of mine and your humble servant. A stove and electric light are rare occurrences that so far I had not come across. I wish you could just for a month be intolerably cold then you will (but otherwise you cannot) appreciate what a wonderful thing it is to be warm.

It is the same with home. I really think I never had a home till now, now that I have one no more. When I had a home I did not know what it meant, the word "Home." I lived in it by custom. It was a natural part of my life. To-day that I am deprived of it, and can live in it no more, yet I live in it more than in the olden days, I live in it in spirit. It is mine as it never was mine before.

I have been so sliced off from my world, my former world seems a preposterous myth, something invented to keep me going, that never has been, above all that never probably can be again.

Bombarded by Gas Shells

Here is an experience of the former managing editor of a New York magazine—who is now in the Y. M. C. A. service. It is from a letter to his sister.

When I landed there Monday night about six,

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the shells were falling so thick and so close that we ran to our dugout which is only about twenty feet from the road—a fine dugout with iron girders for ceiling on which are about four or five layers of stone about twice as big as bricks, and a little earth on top of that.

Thursday night I got my first taste of the real thing. We had closed our huts, gone to our dugout, had our fire well started and were just about to heat some water to make some hot malted milk before going to bed—it was about 9:30—when, whizz, a shell went by and landed with a pop. "Gas," Hints said instantly. He had been here long enough to tell the different kinds of shells by the sound—you soon get expert in this, as after these few days, I feel like an expert at it. He put on his mask immediately, and I did as soon as I could. Even though I thought I was very clumsy about it (and I was) I got it on before the Claxson sounded the gas signal. You're supposed to learn to put on these masks in five or six seconds—of course they are worn on what they call the "the alert position," right on your chest with the top of the bag open so you can (1) grab it (2) put it on your face (3) insert the mouthpiece between your lips and teeth (4) put the imitation clothespin on your nose, and (5) push down the elastic bands across the back of your head. They don't seem so bad at first but after you wear them awhile you argue with yourself whether you wouldn't rather die than be bothered longer with the miserable things. It's so tight around your head that it gives you a fierce headache in a short time, then the glasses get misty so you can't see, then this glorified rubber dam in your mouth makes you drool and dribble so that the whole inside gets wet.

Everyone of course thinks his mask is more uncomfortable than any one's else. Of course you can't talk, and after a while you can't see, so you just sit there, since there being nothing else to do. It certainly is a tribute to the horror one has of gas that he will undergo this torture. After about an hour and a half, about 11—just when I had about decided that I couldn't stand it any longer, the whistle sounded that the gas was over. One of the boys in the next dugout yelled to come outside—that the world was on fire—and that's what it looked like. Among other shells they sent over that night were some incendiary bombs, to burn up the camouflage that is usually made of inflammable material and which surrounds all the guns and hides the batteries, etc.

I thought the show was over and except for a lot of sneezing and feeling all stuffed up just like a rotten, hard cold, we were all right but Hints who is wise in the game, said "Fritz will probably begin soon again, now that he's got us all sneezing with this tear gas—this time with mustard gas." And he guessed right, for soon after midnight, he started in again, this time with the mustard gas that burns. He kept this up till nearly three o'clock—sent over 800 gas shells into us that night. Luckily the wind was favoring so it didn't hang around.

All this time, he was sending over high explosives too. The next morning everybody had stories of narrow escapes. Only one shell hit our dugout directly, though scores hit near enough to send pieces banging up against the sides. This one that hit us got through the earth and stone work down to the iron girders (they are shaped about like rails for a railroad) and broke one of them but didn't get through. The next morning I counted ten shell holes between our dugout and the Y. M. C. A. hut, not more than 50 yards.

One poor chap was brought in that night—he had been working in a detail that was filling up shell holes. He had been told to wear his mask, but had it off, with the result that when he stirred up the earth, some of the gas came out, and he was in horrible shape. After seeing him I realized how preferable a mask was to the real thing. The fellow died that night on his way to the base hospital in an ambulance.

Of course no one can stand it long at a time, but we didn't aim to keep our men in these front positions long. Theoretically they move with the armies.

Re-Enacting the Fight Under Ether

This is part of a letter written by an American woman who is serving her second year in a hospital in Paris.

Never have I been so affected and moved in my life as at the hospital this morning. An American lad—right from the front and wounded—was operated on and while coming out of ether he lived over those minutes before he was hit—it was so dramatic, so terrible that it made our hearts beat faster—for no longer was I in a civilized hospital but in a veritable hell of mud and fighting—— Oh! I have heard French soldiers and I love them, but to hear it in our own dear American slang made me realize that after all it cannot but be one's own country first—He kept crying—— "Ah, I've got that one. Don't tell mother I've killed him—don't, Oh don't—Damn this mud—after them boys—fix bayonets—that's a boy." And with clenched teeth and shaking his fine young head, "Damn the Huns—the dirty Boches—Ah! (a sound of horror) they are coming waves on waves of them!" My merely writing can't possibly make you picture it—the room darkened on account of the raid—the smell of ether—the tossing figure and young voice. And there are going to be hundreds of them, thousands of them, with youth, and the same splendid spirit in them. And he repeated endlessly, "They can't lick an American"; and I knew then that they couldn't—not possibly.

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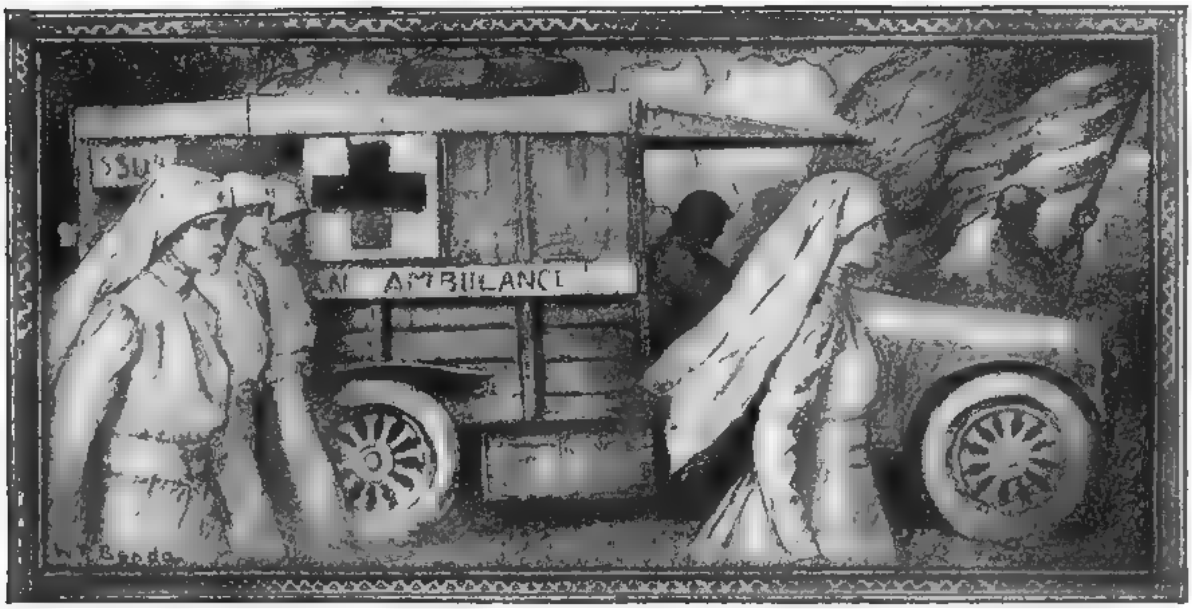

The March of the Red Cross

THE story of the Red Cross and the great German offensive of these last few weeks begins to filter through. It is primarily another story of the emergency relief for which the Red Cross is organized—a story of flashes and glimpses with the main theme usually out of sight.

One group of eight Red Cross motor drivers, despite the rearward sweep of the British army, carried more than two hundred badly wounded soldiers to the Paris wards from the hospital behind the British lines where the American surgeons "stuck." They picked up nearly two hundred exhausted refugees and got them to the rail heads, meanwhile doing the work of the departed staff in the field hospitals—and all in three days, while the armies congested the roads and the drum fire of the Allied batteries rolled through the fields and hospital rooms like peals of thunder.

Around Nesle, the Red Cross women carried the babies of the refugees in their arms while the Red Cross men cleared the country in advance of the German shells so that the British army could be assured of rapid movement to stem the Boche attacks. Children were taken first, and then the parents, and all were gathered in the refuge cellars where they were fed until the Red Cross cars arrived to move them to the rear.

The food stuffs in the Red Cross warehouses came into play as emergency rations, as nearly thirty thousand homeless men, women, and children flooded the railways to Paris alone, bringing more family clocks than extra clothing. All through the destroyed zone the Red Cross aided to the best of its ability, by means of its camions and physicians, its surgeons and nurses, its existing or emergency canteens, its truck drivers and its motor organization. The stores and transportation departments in Paris ran all night—assisting the French Government in its endeavors to handle the tremendous problem.

The Red Cross workers who were nearest the battle when it broke were those in Ham

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and at Croix-Molignaux northeast of Ham. From Ham, Croix-Molignaux, Nesle, and Grécourt where there were construction warehouses and staffs and medical workers, including the small hospital for babies, they drew back on Roye. An organized Red Cross line was formed which stretched from Amiens to Montdidier, Lassigny, Noyon, and Soissons. The next withdrawal was to the present line through Beauvais, Clermont, Compiègne, and Soissons. On this line a perfected chain of stations to help refugees was developed.

THE FAR-FLUNG RED CROSS

The Red Cross is no longer an experiment. In villages along the Somme, in Italian seaports, in ruined Serbian villages, in Belgian convent schools, in military hospitals, on English country sides, as it fights the battle of humanity, it is a new far-flung nation animated by a universal spirit.

And where has not the Red Cross trod!

Take the city of Naples in Italy, on the fifteenth day of this last April. Naples is a good many hundred miles from the battle line on the Piave where the Italian defence has earned undying fame.

What has the Red Cross done in Naples half way across Europe from Paris, that Henry P. Davison should have been there inspecting food shops, looking at refugee hospitals, at Red Cross warehouses? Add to your question these facts. On the 15th, he spoke in the San Carlo opera house and the people lined the streets to cheer when he came out; in the Coliseum in Rome on the 16th he was accorded a most extraordinary reception; two days later he went to Florence and one of the most unusual ceremonies ever held in that Tuscan city greeted him at the Palazzo Vecchio, where the famous building was filled with cheering Italians; in Bologna a regiment of soldiers marched to the railway station to express their feeling toward him and the Red Cross from a foreign land. So, in Milan, in Turin—whereever he went.

How had all this come about? Was it mere Italian hospitality?

Not at all. Recollect these facts for an instant. Even to the uttermost parts of southern Italy, even into Sicily, the refugees fled from the German invasion last autumn. In the cheering crowd on the streets of Naples there were thousands of women who had eaten of Red Cross food; at that time and in that crowd, too, there were hundreds and hundreds of families of Italian soldiers who were buying their uncooked supplies from Red Cross shops at one-third the market price; the regiment of soldiers at the Bologna railway station was composed exclusively of men who had been wounded on the distant Piave line and who had experienced the aid the Red Cross gave the Italian military hospitals; and in that same famous Palazzo Vecchio only a few weeks before forty thousand—yes, forty thousand!—of the same Italians who crowded the steps had been given Red Cross bundles of refugee clothing with which to start life once more. The contents of these parcels had covered a wide variety of garments, from woolen underwear for adults to layettes for children. Over eight thousand families had been supplied.

His experience in Chalons where there is an American Red Cross canteen to take care of the French soldier was only one of many such details but is typical of the Red Cross organization which has inspired the welcome which he received. While he was there one of the frequent air raids began—17,000 of the inhabitants of Chalons sleep in great caves now—and he was forced to take shelter in the Red Cross *abri* beside the railway station. It was the fifth of eight nights running that this canteen had been bombarded. An idea of what such a raid means can be gathered from the fact that the bombs sometimes weigh 500 pounds and are dropped from a height of four miles.

UNDER BOMB FIRE

Added to these explosions, which are terrific, there is the sharp cracking of the anti-aircraft guns followed soon by the rain of returning shrapnel. Against a direct hit from a bomb there is no shelter. Until one is within the *abri* there is constant danger from bombs striking far away. Not until the last Frenchman had left for the military dugout, on the other side of the railway station, however, did the Red Cross women methodically, without hurry, and with perfect coolness put their canteen to rights and seek shelter. It was part of the game to them.

About two in the morning he saw another side of work such as the Red Cross does in Paris and other cities. This time he was awakened by a terrific explosion across the town square which shattered the glass in the

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windows of his room. Leaping to the window and looking out he saw the German bombs strike in rapid succession a dwelling some 300 yards away, a butcher, shop farther down the street, and another house still farther away. Almost instantaneously some U. S. Ambulance workers appeared and began rescuing the wounded. For some minutes he watched the work of rescue, uncertain whether to go back to bed or not. Then, to his horror, flying low along the roofs, perfectly distinct in the moonlight he saw a lone German plane returning to get the "rescue party." Almost at the same instant indeed the raider threw his bomb causing a terrific explosion in the house on the corner and knocking senseless most of the relief party. It is the usual practice of the German raider thus to return, he was told calmly by the workers themselves. That, too, was part of the game. . . .

MILLIONS TO THE FRENCH

All through Mr. Davison's trip it has become plainer every day that the Red Cross has arrived. Things foreseen and planned long since are bearing fruit now. One of the last things he did before leaving for England was to hold a consultation by cable with the War Council in Washington and make a further gift to the French Red Cross of two million dollars. It was a gift caused directly by viewing the result already accomplished by the five millions of francs given to General Pétain a few months ago. The outpouring of sympathy that gift set in motion is familiar to us in this country from the thousands of letters of all kinds the Red Cross received—letters whose authors ranged from French generals to orphaned children of *poilus*. The actual result, however—the help the gift was to the French army—was not fully appreciated even by Mr. Davison until his visit to the French capital. Thousands of French soldiers, he learned then, had actually been forced to overstay their leave in hopes of getting aid for their destitute families or sick children. The distribution of actual cash resulted in a flash of renewed confidence and courage that cannot be conveyed. The result more than justified the original expenditure.

And now the French soldier is to be backed up to the limit of our ability by this new gift of ten million francs more. This is real relief work.

The carrier of trench fever, also, has been discovered this past month. Several months ago about a hundred of our boys in France offered to assist the Red Cross by volunteering in an experiment to determine what was the cause of its spread. Their sacrifice has had its reward—the trench louse has been found guilty now by the medical court and means have been provided which will remove this epidemic from our army to a great extent.

SUPPLIES THE CRUCIAL NEED

Here is achievement, definite achievement of the kind which is occurring in the Red Cross to-day all over Europe. The great underlying motive of the Red Cross in Europe, indeed, is supplies. The miracles they work are of daily occurrence and yet so varied and far flung are the results they bring, that it is hard to say "Here the Red Cross achieved, to-day!"

In Saloniki harbor, for instance, the collier *Cæsar* is unloading its supplies at last after its adventurous career under the Armenian and Syrian Relief flag. Edward Ryan, once of Scranton, Pa., now Commissioner to Serbia, knows what he will do with every piece of cargo she carries. In the district under his charge—covering 160 kilometers of Macedonian territory between Saloniki and the line of the Allied armies—the American Red Cross entirely supports now one military hospital of a hundred beds; four workrooms where sixty women convert Red Cross cloth into garments; soup kitchens which are feeding ten thousand people a day with food brought from America; and it waits for tractors and seed to cultivate over twenty thousand acres which will make the refugees self supporting.

ANSWERING THE CRY OF MACEDONIA

Just what is its achievement to-day, however? The combat against typhus in Belgrade, the work during the terrible fire in Saloniki—these were achievements. But it is hard to say on what day or at what hour the Red Cross is achieving in Macedonia just now. By now the *Cæsar* is unloaded, however, and the Red Cross has gone that much further onward.

In this drama of supplies, it is gasoline that is the hero, too. In Rome, Robert Perkins waits for gasoline anxiously—he must not deprive Italy at war of one single drop. In France, a thousand Red Cross motors await gasoline's arrival as a prelude to heroic deeds, such as heralded the entrance of the American army on its front around Toul. That was a typical Red Cross victory.

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Some time before our boys started for their new positions there the Red Cross supplied the French Government with all the splints and surgical supplies necessary for the American army which was to take over the trenches from the French. On the day before the movement, however, due to accidents on the French railways which were beyond the Government's control the supplies had not arrived.

At three in the afternoon the Red Cross at the Place de la Concorde in Paris received word of the fatal lack. Instantly, word was sent to that long line of warehouses which Murphy built to supply the Toul sector. From every supply house in the region, the trucks converged on the American trenches and at noon the next day as our boys entered the trenches the medical corps and the Red Cross were completely supplied!

Gasoline had saved untold American boys from certain amputation and in some cases death. A splint put on in time means no amputation, of course, so that every splint the Red Cross gasoline moved along the roads to Toul meant an arm or a leg saved.

In passing, let us take off our hats to the Red Cross men of the battlefield. Splints, we are informed, are put on nearer the battle front in the American army to-day than anywhere else along No Man's Land. And this is done in the hell-fire of the trenches, the Red Cross man often risking his life to bandage properly some wounded man before he moves him. So well done are most of the bandages, too, that at the field hospital many times no further care is needed and the wounded are relayed to the hospital trains and the base hospitals.

AMERICAN PRISONERS IN GERMANY

The drama of supplies has extended even into neutral Switzerland lately, too, and thence into the country of the enemy. In Berne, Carl Taylor has recently taken over the warehouse and the Red Cross offices awaiting the new Red Cross commission. In April he sent to the German prison camp at Tuchel, in western Prussia, fifty-seven miles northwest of the Austrian border three hundred and sixty ten-pound food parcels for American prisoners. There were twenty-five Americans there on that date and by means of them an organization was arranged to take care of future arrivals. If possible the Red Cross will continue its service after the government rations, which are on the way, arrive. It will then supplement those rations, which are ample so far as food is concerned, by delicacies for sick prisoners and such comforts as tobacco, soap, comfort kits, and so on. What such things may mean to prisoners in Germany is possible to understand only after reading the French reports on conditions existing there for the past three years.

OUR MISSING ONES

Through Switzerland, too, the Red Cross sends all its inquiries behind the German lines in its efforts to locate and ascertain the circumstances of American soldiers who have been taken prisoner or reported missing. When the comrades of a soldier who is reported missing are not able to solve the question of his probable fate, this Red Cross machinery is set in motion. Day by day, these past few weeks, the list of these cases has lengthened.

Here is one for instance, sent in response to an anxious inquiry from America:

"Hume shot from ambuscade in No Man's Land, Toul sector, April 23rd. Probably picked up by Germans. Will locate if possible."

"Here's another:

"Woodward last seen attacking enemy aviators at Montdidier. Fog prevented seeing outcome of battle. Nothing heard since."

Here is work that has increased steadily during the past weeks, a work, too, that we must gather our courage to expect for many months as the battle continues.

In the hospitals the similar work the Red Cross performs is taking a great leap as the German offensive pounds on and General Foch coördinates his forces.

Unlike France, where from the beginning the Government has published no casualty lists of any kind, the War Department in this country prints almost daily the lists of American casualties. In every case the family of the soldier has already been notified before his name has been printed in the paper. Once the soldier's family has been notified, however, the War Department's duty is at an end. It is here that the communications service of the Red Cross has been trying to relieve the American anxiety. Its task too, has been rendered trebly difficult by the military dispositions that have resulted from putting General Foch in command.

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The American army no longer holds a single sector on the western front. It has been brigaded with the British and French armies. As the battle goes on and the losses mount heavier and heavier, the American wounded are gradually filtering into hospitals scattered all the way from Devonshire to Italy.

The Red Cross has met the emergency promptly. In the weeks just passed it has perfected its organization so that it can take care of them no matter where they eventually land. With the aid of the French Fund for the Wounded, as well as the Red Cross searchers themselves, there's no hospital in all France that the Red Cross does not reach at any hour of the day or night. In England, Endicott is spending thousands of dollars and enlisting a rapidly growing personnel to take care of just this need. A vast deal of the work which the Red Cross is doing, indeed, cannot be listed under that heading. In all the tuberculosis work, for instance, as in all the educational work which we are doing for the children of France, supplies play but a small part, all the emphasis being put on showing the French how to help themselves. The remark Dr. Lucas of the Children's Bureau made in Lyons the other day, at the great exhibition there, illuminates the idea back of this work: "We are trying to help save your second rank." He meant the children.

INCREASING EFFICIENCY

Whether it be a question of supplies or of education, however, a gradually increasing efficiency is making itself manifest throughout all the Red Cross work in Europe. In the supplies it is strikingly apparent in the warehouses in Paris. Before the Red Cross chapters in America were efficiently organized and the present system of division warehouses and inspection installed, the chapter boxes that came to France often contained such things as old broken harps without strings, ancient typewriters, chipped doll tea sets, children's clothing so rotten that it fell to pieces —and often nothing of practical use. To-day we have learned, and the cost of inefficiency has been reduced to insignificance by organized work. In an endless stream, the chapter boxes filled with necessities pour into France. But every one is usable, every thing is good—and not an inch of shipping space is wasted. In Paris itself, in the surgical dressings rooms, the American women, and their 300 French assistants work from 8:30 until 6 supplying the specialties that the emergency calls for. All the rest comes from America.

Throughout all the departments of France where the Red Cross extends, the same advance in methods is becoming noticeable. To keep our finances straight, over 100 disbursing officers are constantly traveling in that country, examining the accounts of the stores and the societies to which we donate funds. No penny is escaping the vigilant eye of the Red Cross accounting system, nowadays. Whether the expenditure be in a village in France or in a hospital in Palestine not one penny escapes its final report to the red brick church building back of the Red Cross Headquarters in Washington where the Comptroller's office is located.

RESTORING THE HOLY LAND

In the expenditure of every cent, also, whether in England, France, or Italy, another kind of efficiency is plainly in evidence—the mental efficiency which carries on and shapes to one final end many different kinds of work. In the rehabilitation of France for instance there is resulting no pauperizing of populations. Even in the housing which is done for the refugees, the houses themselves are portable, so that when the time comes for the refugee to return to his own village, he can literally "pick up his house and walk."

Meanwhile, another scene has been added to the Red Cross drama, an oriental one this time. A Red Cross Commission headed by Dr. John H. Finley of New York has landed by now in Palestine to begin work in that devastated land of the East.

Conditions in the ancient land of the Bible are peculiarly deplorable. Famine and disease have taken a heavy toll even where Turkish cruelty has spared. As General Allenby has advanced northward and gradually liberated the country from the Moslem yoke he has found a land overrun with typhus and cholera, and a population in dire distress.

The Red Cross will establish medical units to combat disease, will establish hospitals and village dispensaries and will endeavor to supplement the work of the British in making a beginning on the reconstruction and rehabilitation of the devastated areas. For the whole task $390,000 has been appropriated as a beginning.

Such is the state of Red Cross European

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affairs in May; in Italy a steady, increasingly successful strengthening of Italian morale and American prestige; in France, the halting of reconstruction work to take up the emergency work of actual war; in England a great increase in needs and accomplishment; and in Palestine, a beginning.

On our side of the ocean lies all the vast work here, the magical increase in the camp service which employs four hundred men in the cantonments and reaches camps from New Mexico to Massachusetts so that all Red Cross work is efficiently done and with a spirit of comradeship and admiration for the American army; the fast approaching coördination of all the motor corps of the Red Cross, so that all the tremendous work of transporting materials and meeting Red Cross needs will be done under one head; the increasing enrollment of the trained nurses and their induction into the army; the widespread appreciation of the value and the need for the home service sections with all they are beginning to mean to the happiness and morale of our boys —on this side, lie indeed, all the nation-wide activities of the Red Cross which function while the millions of women in the workrooms go steadily on and on, making surgical dressings, front parcels and all the Red Cross supplies.

The Red Cross parades in fifteen hundred cities of America, indeed, oh May 18th, which started the drive for the second hundred million dollars were the best picture of the Red Cross in America to-day—thousands upon thousands of white-clad women with the Red Cross emblem gleaming upon them, scattered among them the service flags with their mute testimony to those gone overseas—the soul of America on our streets.

THE MAGAZINE MARCHING ON

As our readers well know, The American Red Cross has made public its financial affairs and given the records of just what is being accomplished with the money so generously contributed.

We have thought that our readers would be glad to hear how THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE, which is owned and conducted by The American Red Cross, is doing.

About a year ago it was decided that the magazine should live or die like any other magazine. If it paid a profit to the Society, that fact would be taken as a proof that people wanted it. Before 1917 the magazine was sent to every member even in the $1.00 class. In December, 1916, notice was given that the magazine would be sent only to those who paid $2.00 or more for a membership.

Meantime, the size of the magazine was increased; the best artists and writers became contributors; and to the best of the ability of the men entrusted with its management, it was planned to make THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE certainly the best of its class. In circulation, in character, in advertising, some advances have been made, and we are striving for greater results, and see them coming.

Of course, the purpose of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE is not to make a profit, but to interest the public in the Red Cross movement and all that goes with it. Yet a magazine which does not pay a profit—which is given away—is usually not read or highly regarded. With the approval of National Headquarters we planned to make a magazine so good that not only would the readers pay for a year's subscription, but because the circulation was genuine and solid, business men would advertise in its pages with pleasure and profit.

Our readers, we are sure, will be glad to know what has been accomplished and how our accounts are kept. When a magazine, or higher, membership is received, $1.00 is put into a magazine fund. To this fund is added all the income from advertising, and we are glad to say here that our advertising solicitors and friends have increased this income from $3,700 in April, 1917, to $31,000 in May, 1918. Another item added to the magazine fund is the cash received from sales of single copies through the News Companies and branches. Out of this the expenses of making and mailing the magazine are paid, and the net profits to the American Red Cross represent a very substantial sum.

The ultimate success of this magazine will be in exact proportion to its worthiness. We are not expecting any boom circulation, nor do we desire it, but our readers can help in several ways if they will.

Suggest to your friends who are not magazine members that they become so.

Send the Editor of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE suggestions for improving the magazine.

Send your copy after it is read to the soldiers or to your local school.

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